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Prisoners of Hope

By MAX GOTTSCHALK

DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS, public opinion has become increasingly stirred by the fate of the Jews. Prominent organizations and individuals have clamored for action by the Governments of the United Nations. The immediate creation of sanctuaries and havens of refuge has been proposed. The Bermuda Conference, participated in by the American and British Governments, which convened recently for ten days (April 19-29), merely answered that nothing could be done now to obtain the release of the millions of Jews who are threatened with extermination. But why didn't the Jews of Germany after 1933, and those of countries subjugated since then, avail themselves of the opportunity to leave their countries? The answer is regrettably simple. Hundreds of thousands would have left, and made every attempt to do so, but they could not surmount the obstacles placed in their way.

In this brief article I wish to show how helpless these people really were when Hitler's threat to destroy the Jews started to become a reality with the beginning of the deportations in 1941.

During a few months in 1941, the German invaders permitted emigration, to a small extent, from some of the occupied countries like Luxembourg, Holland, and Belgium. However, those who resided in these territories soon had to give up all hope of escaping through migration, even if they possessed visas for the United States or any other free country. Although the Germans refused exit permits

to residents of the occupied countries, they still permitted, or rather forced, the emigration of Jews residing in Germany. They exercised all possible pressure on the Jewish committees to provide the German Jews with foreign visas.

By approximately November 1, 1941, only persons over sixty years of age were permitted to leave Germany. A short time later, as reported by the United Press on November 9, the prohibition to leave Germany as well as the occupied territories became absolute.

Until July 1942, however, emigration from unoccupied France, both through Lisbon and Casablanca, was still possible; but since then, as a preliminary measure to mass deportations, the Vichy government stopped the issuance of exit visas. Therefore, since September 1942 until the beginning of November, when the whole of France was occupied, only illegal emigration was possible. By the end of 1942, about 6,000 refugees crossed the Swiss border, and twice that number succeeded in crossing the Spanish border. Emigration from North Africa was entirely suspended because of the war.

During the year 1940, 54,069 emigrated; during 1941, only 36,084 Jewish emigrants left Europe, and it can be safely assumed that not more than 17,213 emigrated during 1942. Thus, of the nearly six million European Jews living outside of Soviet Russia, only 100,000 were able to leave Europe during the first three years of the war, as can be seen from the following figures:

DESTINATION OF EMIGRANTS IN 1940-1942

Year	U.S.A.	Palestine	South America	Other Countries	Total
1940	36,945	4,524	8,100	4,500	54,069
1941	23,737	4,133	5,214	3,000	36,084
1942	10,608	2,000	2,405	2,200	17,213

Though there were great obstacles besetting the emigrant prior to his leaving, one can not overlook the difficulties which confronted him in the countries of immigration. The potential emigrant encountered either a restricted immigration policy, or a number of stringent requirements.*

The first serious hardship which the emigration applicants had to face was the new regulations of the United States instituted July 1, 1941. These stipulated that no one could receive an American visa if he had close relatives in the Axis territories or in countries occupied by the Axis, because the Nazi threat to persecute the relatives left in Europe might induce the emigrant to be unfaithful to his new country. It was stated that there was proof of the existence of such cases. However, no such fact has ever been revealed, although the United States Government has been pressed at different times to give evidence in support of this allegation.

The same regulations provided that, in the future, the visas should be granted directly by the Department of State and issued by the consuls abroad only on instructions from Washington. These new regulations radically affected quite a number of people who, though promised visas by the American consuls, did not receive them because they had relatives in the above mentioned territories. The new procedure naturally complicated and delayed the delivery of the visas. The hope that an appeal before an Intergovernmental Visa Review Committee, com-

posed of officials of the Departments of State, Justice, Navy, Army, Interior, and a final appeal to the Secretary of State, would aid a great number of those rejected, was not confirmed by the facts.

The entrance of the United States into the war brought with it a further and more drastic change. For some time after December 7, 1941, it appeared there would be no emigration whatsoever. But new visas are being issued in Washington, though of course, additional caution is exercised. Almost all the cases are first reviewed and rejected by the Department of State and later brought before the Intergovernmental Visa Review Committee. One can still obtain an American visa, provided that all the legitimate requirements of our Government are fully met. Naturally, many months elapse between the filing of the application and the final decision; six months seems to be the normal delay. Although innumerable protests have been made against this procedure, no improvement is in sight.

These difficulties apply not only to the immigrants to the United States, but also most of the South and Central American countries have progressively tightened their regulations and, consequently, the number of immigrants to Latin America has once more decreased. While in the beginning of 1941 it was still possible in unoccupied France to obtain Brazilian diplomatic or temporary visas, such visas ceased to be recognized by the Fall of 1941. Argentina restricted immigration of all categories except for very close relatives of people residing in that country for not less than two years. The only South American country with less severe regulations is Ecuador, but there, too, some financial requirements must be met.

*Thus, for instance, from July 1939 to July 1942, the United States quota would have permitted the entrance of 461,322 persons. Yet only 151,313 entered, of whom 71,290 were Jews, thus leaving a large unfilled quota.

In Central America, the doors of Mexico and Cuba were open until new decrees were issued in the Spring of 1942, though one had to make substantial deposits and be able to cover additional expenses involved, to obtain visas for these countries.

On April 18, 1942, the Republic of Cuba decided not to admit any more emigrants born in Axis territories or in Axis occupied countries, even if they resided outside of these countries. This was a very drastic measure, for visas already issued to persons which had not yet been honored were cancelled. Fortunately, several hundred emigrants on their way when the decree was published were permitted to land after several days of investigation; most of them were detained for some time in Tiscornia, the Cuban Ellis Island.

The Mexican Government on April 21, 1942 issued a decree permitting immigration only to those born in the Western Hemisphere. It was stated that the President was given the power to make exceptions, but he has made little use of this power. Until now the only other Central American country worthy of mention is the Dominican Republic, which granted a number of visas at the intervention of the Dominican Republic Settlement Association (DORSA).

Palestine, of course, is now more than ever the goal of Jewish emigration, but the difficulties encountered in migration have constantly increased. The long route from Poland and the Baltic countries through Russia and Turkey was closed with the invasion of Russia by Germany. The even more complicated route followed by the emigrants who had already reached Japan, namely either by way of Singapore, Bombay, Basra, Baghdad to Jerusalem, or through Bombay, Aden, Port Said to Haifa, could no longer be used after December 7, 1941. During 1942, Polish refugees in Russia reached Palestine by way of Iran. Some are still leaving via Lisbon, Lourenso Marques (Mozambique), then either by boat through Zanzibar and Aden via the Red

Sea to Port Said, or by plane from Durban (South Africa) through Cairo and Alexandria to Tel Aviv. During the last few months, transportation facilities from Lourenso Marques to Palestine have not been available. The only other route offered to Europeans is by way of the Black Sea, utilized mainly by Rumanian Jews. A new route through the Belgian Congo is presently envisaged.

The pressure of the present situation has increased the attempts to emigrate to Palestine by thousands of those who were not able to secure certificates. Some are still quartered on the Island of Mauritius near Madagascar, where they have been sent by the British Government. Incomparably more tragic was the fate of the Rumanian men, women, and children who, in order to escape the unbearable plight in their country, boarded a privately chartered boat, the unseaworthy *Struma* which was to take them to Palestine. Of the original 800, of whom thirty-one were landed in Istanbul, the remaining 768 perished with the exception of one who was rescued. Thus, the increasing difficulties explain why the number of immigrants to Palestine has decreased from 4133 in 1941, and 4524 in 1940, to 2000, in 1942.

In the Far East no important migration movement took place. Japan insisted on the immediate departure of the transients who had no final destination. Most of them went to Shanghai. Very few new refugees reached Shanghai from Europe, while not more than a few hundred were able to leave this city for Bombay, whence they may have proceeded to South America, Australia, or Palestine. Owing to the war, many of these did not reach their destination, being detained in different countries along the route throughout Asia.

The Polish Government made arrangements with the British Government to admit Polish refugees stranded in Lisbon, to Jamaica, with the understanding that the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee would assume responsibility

for them when they reached the island. In January 1942, two boats with 150 and 30 passengers landed there. While there is room in Jamaica for many more, it was impossible, until recently, to get the permission of the British Government.

The acquirement of visas was not the sole difficulty. The transportation question also became acute. The American ships which had regularly brought refugees to the United States (the well known *Excalibur*, *Excambion*, *Exeter*, *Siboney*) discontinued all passenger service after December 7, 1941. Only Spanish and Portuguese vessels were available. But as far back as October 1941 the Spanish company, *Transatlantica*, which had regular service to the United States, decided not to transport Jews. By the middle of December 1941, the Spanish ships completely stopped their service to the United States. Fortunately, the Portuguese vessels still ply between Lisbon, Casablanca, Cuba, Mexico, San Domingo, and the United States. The Spanish ships, *Cabo de Buena Esperanza* and *Cabo de Horno* of the Ybara line have regular service between Spain, Venezuela, Brazil, and Argentina. Some Portuguese boats occasionally make a direct trip to Brazil and Argentina.

In addition to the difficulties of obtaining visas and transportation facilities, the emigrant has had to face other problems, that of reaching the embarkation port, Lisbon, being the first and most urgent. When this became impossible because of the lack of transit visas through Spain, the HICEM (Hias-Ica Emigration Association) succeeded in making arrangements with the government in Vichy and the "Residence Generale" in French Morocco to enable the emigrants to pass through Casablanca. Thus, Casablanca became an important transit station. After July 1941 and up to November 1942, more than 5000 Jewish transmigrants were assisted in their immigration to North and Central America by the HICEM, since most of the Portuguese ships stopped at Casablanca. Emigration from Algeria and Morocco of

these stranded or interned Jews, interrupted during the beginning of the American occupation of North Africa, has recently been resumed.

Important officials of the American as well as the British Government have declared that the war situation does not permit any negotiations with the Nazis for the release of Jews or even Jewish children from Germany or Nazi occupied territories, nor for the sending of food to the Jews in these countries. If that is so, the refugees who are now in the few remaining neutral countries, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey, become our main concern. That problem is two-fold: these governments expect the United Nations to support the refugees to some extent, and furnish them with food and other necessities, and to give them guarantees that these refugees will return to their countries of origin after the war.

Taking into consideration the insecurity of the refugees which still exists because of the menace of invasion by Germany, efforts must be made to help them emigrate to some safer country of refuge. It can be expected that the Bermuda Conference, whose conclusions have not yet been made public, will provide a partial solution to the problems enumerated, which concern only the few thousands of refugees in the neutral countries. But in face of the tragedy affecting millions of Jews, these results, which we assume the Bermuda Conference has achieved, barely scratch the surface of the problem.

Jews should not and cannot cease their efforts to save as many of their brethren as possible. We do, of course, take into account the situation wrought by the war because we know that our primary object must be to bring this war to an end as soon as possible and with it the liberation of the Jews. We feel however, that the Governments of the United Nations if so minded could achieve some of the demands formulated by public opinion both Jewish and non-Jewish.

Neither Sinner Nor Saint

By ALFRED WERNER

FOR ALMOST FIFTY YEARS, in the good old days, my grandfather traveled through the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, second in size only to the Russian Empire. He journeyed from the Sudeten-German mountains in the snowy North to the palms of Dalmatia in the South, from the vast plains and moors of Volhynia in the East to the soft beauty of the Swiss Lake Constance. In this spacious area more than fifty million people were living under a mild, grey-bearded Kaiser, more a symbol of kingship than a human being, these fifty millions comprising two dozens of nations, languages, religions, all quarreling with one another, yet dissenting no more than brothers do.

My grandfather carried a trunk, containing about fifty little bottles of *schnapps* and liquor, fifty shades and nuances of alcoholic pleasures, each of which the agent could describe to prospective customers with such vividness that you would have taken the humble salesman to be the greatest connoisseur of the art of drinking in our time. In fact, he abhorred alcohol and only sipped a little when, after a profitable deal, he had to invite some Roumanian or Hungarian, Polish or Slovak innkeeper to have a drink from his "rarest stock".

Grandpa was no holy man, despite his unusual sobriety and abstinence. There was a rumor that he had chosen the occupation of traveling agent merely to escape the imperious wife he married, at twenty, without knowing that she was ten years his senior. Two weeks out of the year's fifty-two he spent at home, being rebuked incessantly by his wife for his

rustic manners, for his dislike of the theater and symphonic music, and for his lack of conversational gifts. He did not dare contradict his sturdy, eloquent wife, slim as he was, and always bashful in her presence. Yet I think it was unreasonable of her to make scenes of jealousy: granted he had a little adventure in some tiny place, as a fellow-traveler revealed—as a whole he must have been very reserved and thrifty, for he sent home all money he received, living as he said, "on potatoes", and sleeping in the poorest hotels, so that his Minna could go to the Hof-Opera and could employ for their son a private tutor, offshoot of an impoverished aristocratic family.

Less bashful and more talkative he was when his grandson sat on his knees. There were few railroads in the eastern districts of the monarchy thirty and more years ago, and the regions through which my grandfather traveled may have resembled the Wild West in the times of Buffalo Bill. There were no red Indians in "Half Asia", as part of this region was called, but many robbers, highwaymen, rapacious gypsies, and hordes of hungry wolves. I still remember grandpa's vivid description of a sleigh ride through Bucovina when a pack of wolves ran barking behind the sled and the little Roumanian horses rushed forward as if driven by the devil, while the coachman incessantly made the sign of the cross over himself and his Jewish passenger. I always doubted, however, the truth of the most thrilling moment of the narration: a wolf reached the carriage and even managed to jump into it, yet got his forelegs caught in empty Brantwein bottles in the rear, so

that, unable to make the last decisive jump, he was carried along a couple of miles to the next village, where the shot of a soldier rid the people of a most unpleasant guest.

Even if this was not wholly true, and even if my grandfather occasionally found friends among the village belles—to me he was the prototype of a Saint. For he could read Hebrew and he ran through the pages of his *siddur* with the rapidity of a squirrel, more speedily than anyone else in the Polish congregation to which he took me Friday evenings, on his rare visits to Vienna. He was faster even than the *hazan*. But when I asked him, as a boy of ten, not without a bit of malice, whether he understood everything he read, the saint looked down on the tot, with a dignity incomprehensible for anyone who did not know him, saying slowly, "The main thing, my child, is that God understands."

However eager he was to earn money, he would do no business on *Shabbas*, and he tried his best to spend the day in a Jewish community where there was a *schul* and a bit of holiness. He knew that he was uneducated both in the European and in the Jewish sense of the word. So he had a great respect for erudition, and he could listen for hours to the talmudic disputes of octogenarian village rabbis as well as to the clever speeches of his grandson, who attended Junior High School and knew more about Napoleon than his grandfather. Grandpa, however, could boast having heard a story from his own grandfather who, when a boy, had seen the Emperor going east with an enormous army and returning later in flight, beaten even like all the ambitious kings of the Bible.

In any case, he was proud that his son had become a lawyer, and his only distress was that his Minna (Miriam), half assimilated, and ambitious as she was, refused to call him "Isaak", but instead by the fashionable name "Ignace" after the founder of the Jesuit order, though my

father, nominally at least, remained a Jew. She did not even think much of his binding the phylacteries, and when I was born, my parents hesitated not a bit to call me "Alfred", which means in the Teutonic language "advised by elves".

The old man preferred to be protected by the angels who guarded our forefathers rather than by pagan spirits. And he was, so to speak, the last fully Jewish representative of our family, some branches of which, obeying the new spirit, had turned Christian. Politically speaking, those members of our family who had remained in Galicia, turned ardent Polish patriots, as most of the Polish-Jewish intelligentsia did; some Viennese went so far as to become German nationalists, while a brother of my mother, admirer of that hapless Jewish renegade, Otto Weininger, committed suicide like his master, over the volume *Geschlecht und Character*.

Small wonder that old Nathan did not like the Viennese atmosphere of luxurious gaiety, of self-hatred and inner desolation; that he liked to return to the sleepy Moravian cities, to the lonely hamlets in the vast Hungarian Puszta, to the romantic though poor villages in the Carpathian mountains. These primitive, sound people, Jews and Gentiles alike, loved, nay revered grandpa. He not only gave them the opportunity of obtaining spirits produced in the miraculous city of Vienna, eight hundred or more miles away; he purveyed the spirit of the modern world to those who did not read the papers, who did not travel and received no letters except those from the tax-collector.

He was the central figure in many a forgotten village inn. I imagine how the old men and the young men listened to his tales, which the womenfolk were not permitted to receive directly from his mouth. The young men eagerly asked him questions: what life was like in the West, what prospects they would have in Vienna, how much a man earned in a factory, and what truth there was about the dancing-halls and living pictures, about the Vien-

nese girls and their gathering places—numerous queries, evoked by a word occasionally heard on a visit to the fair, from a mailman or a locomotive engineer.

My grandfather warned them not to leave their homes, not to exchange their peace of soul for the murdering pleasures of a godless civilization. He admonished them not to lose confidence in God, whether the Jewish or the Ruthenian or the Mohammedan God; they should go to their services and think of how to become a pleasure unto the Lord rather than seek after the pleasures of this world.

This he said to them, and he thought this preaching the most important task of his long and wearisome journeys, not the selling of alcoholic stuff to the innkeepers. Or he thought perhaps that his way of preaching the truth would expiate for him who did work not pleasing to God by poisoning the peasants and woodcutters, farm-laborers and home-workers with the products of a godless civilization.

Poor grandmother died a number of years ago, sick and blind and jealous of her husband as she had been in her youth. Grandpa is perhaps, still living in the Ghetto of Nazi Vienna, ninety years old, well-guarded by his second wife, almost thirty years his junior and twice as imperious as poor grandmother was. Fortun-

ately, he does not very well understand what is going on around him and he considers Adolf Hitler a sort of successor to the late Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Karl Lueger, the suave Jew-baiter.

He only wondered why, on Yom Kippur 5699, he was not allowed to attend the service in his congregation, and why we used one excuse after another to prevent him from marching to his old, beloved House of God. He must not know that the new heathens had pillaged and burned all synagogues, 500 in number, throughout Germany in the fateful November of 1938.

And he wondered why, one day, his grandson, after having spent a few months at a "nice" place called *Dachau*, somewhere in Bavaria, said farewell to him, farewell forever, in order to make a trip over the sea, longer than a journey to Transylvania or Dalmatia. He blessed me, the good old man, knowing he would not see me again. But in his voice some astonishment was to be heard, as if he spoke to one of the Wallachian youth, wanting to become rich in the miraculous West: "Must you go to America, must you? You can't become wealthy where you stay now, that is true. But if you want to find the eternal truth, you need not travel a mile. God is here. God is everywhere."

The Problem of German Egotism

By JACOB B. AGUS

THE VARIOUS PLANS for the post-war democratic world-order, which are now being formulated by British and American statesmen, derive from a sense of realism which was all but lacking in the Wilsonian vision of a just society of European nations. During the last World War, the idealists among the Allies sincerely believed that only the Kaiser and a few Prussian henchmen were to blame for the arrogance of German international diplomacy, which precipitated the catastrophic tragedy of a world-wide war. Accordingly it was assumed that, once the Kaiser's regime was overthrown, the German people could be trusted to live at peace with their neighbors. Thus a clause was inserted in the Versailles treaty promising that general disarmament would follow the disarmament of Germany. While this clause was never put into effect, the democratic nations did permit their military equipment to become practically obsolete, so that they were caught wholly unprepared by the outbreak of the second world war.

The present political leaders of Great Britain and the United States are under no delusions as to the true character of the German people. They may not be ready to assert with Emil Ludwig that "Hitler is Germany," but they realize that Hitler is indeed a true symbol of certain monstrous tendencies within the German soul—the "Mr. Hyde" of the Germanic dual personality. Consequently, they feel that a period of reeducation, under Allied tutelage, will have to be imposed upon Germany before that tragic nation can be admitted into the peaceful

society of civilized nations. In the latest address of Secretary Hull on the peace aims of the allied powers, this thought was expressed in forceful and unmistakable language.

The need of governing Germany after the war is evident on the grounds of common sense. The Nazis committed too many brutal crimes in the lands that they have crushed beneath their cruel heels for the German nation to be forgiven magnanimously the day after Hitler's armies shall have been overpowered. It is certain that, wisely or unwisely, the German people will pay in rivers of blood for the inhuman atrocities of their Nazi leaders. An oppressed, persecuted, and pogromed Germany will be in no mood to live at peace with its erstwhile victims. Hence the need for an international force to keep it down, at least during the period of reconstruction.

This conclusion is reinforced by the study of the historical manifestations of the chronic disease of German egotism, which in our own day assumed the unusually aggravated form of Nazism. Every nation, it goes without saying, is guilty in some measure of the sin of Chauvinism. The German people, however, appear to be characterized by a particularly overbearing attitude toward all other nationalities and races. Like the mythological Hellenic youth, Narcissus, who fell in love to the point of madness with his own reflection in the stream, the Germans, as a people, suffer from an inflated feeling of self-importance.

A thorough study of German egotism would fill several big tomes. Suffice it

here to point out only the more salient expressions of this unfortunate trait.

The history of the fall of Rome is a case in point. It is well known that the Roman empire gradually fell to pieces during the fourth century under the successive blows of the barbarian Teutonic tribes. When the power of Rome was finally broken, an era of retrogression and reversion to primitive forms of life set in that lasted in Christian Europe for almost eight centuries. The term Dark Ages by which this period in history is known is an expression of the almost universal judgment that the conquest of Europe by the Teutons was marked by a return to that continent of barbarism, ruthlessness, and ignorance. In German historiography, however, a totally different interpretation is put upon the facts of this period: The nations which lived in the Roman Empire were effete and decadent. They were dying of too much culture and comfort, when the young Germanic tribes appeared upon the scene. "The world was saved by German character." It was German blood that infused new life into the nations of Europe and thus made possible the emergence of modern civilization. The death of the Roman empire through German fury and "total" destruction was really the beginning of a new and greater era for the human race. Substitute in this caricature of history the names of France and Britain for that of Rome and you have an exact formula of the "philosophy" of Nazism.

Early in the nineteenth century we again encounter the strange conviction among Germany's great minds that all the ills of civilization can only be cured, as in Roman days, through the reassertion of German blood and character. Thus, Fichte wrote during the wars against Napoleon, "character has no particular German name, precisely because without any knowledge or reflection of our own, character is expected to proceed

from our very being . . . to possess character and to be German are without doubt synonymous" (Fichte, "Werke," VIII, pp. 321, 446).

In his "Reden an die Deutsche Nation," Fichte maintained that every nation embodies a certain universal ideal, of value to all mankind. But, he asserted, Germany is *the* nation. Only through its world supremacy can the final destiny of humanity be realized. The same thought is elaborated with pedantic thoroughness in his "Characteristics of the Present Age." In that work he starts out by dividing the human race into two groups—the kind that know by intuition how to govern and the kind that are forced to rely upon their intellects. All the ills of society stem from the latter group. Throughout the discussion in that bulky volume, the implication is made clear that the German nation as a whole belongs to the former, "spiritual type of mankind, though other nations also possess rare individuals that belong in that category. Here you have in germ the "Aryan" theory of the modern Nazis.

It follows on the basis of this nationalistic philosophy that the German state should by right be predominant in world politics—i.e., a sort of super-state.

Baron von Hugel well summarizes this trend of German thought in the following paragraph:

"Thus, did the lion prepare a feast for all the beasts of the field, even the field-mice and the moles had their seats and shares assigned, each strictly according to its intrinsic merits. But, then, at the feast the lion took, in the most careful attention to his culturally graduated scheme, his 'true,' i.e., the lion's share" ("The German Soul," p. 98).

Since, however, the course of European history was such that the Germans did not obtain what Kipling called "domination over palm and pine," the nationalistic Germans came to feel that they were cheated out of what "belonged" to them.

Before the outbreak of the present war much was made of the German claim that their struggle was one of the "have nots" against the "haves." The hypocrisy of that slogan is now evident to all. What they really meant was, "To us Germans, world supremacy belongs because we were designed by nature to be the master-race. In preventing us from achieving this goal, you rob us of our natural inheritance." Against such "brazen robbery," as the Germans see it, the use of force is of course justified.

The German idealization of war is thus a direct corollary of their colossal national egotism. We all realize that war, with all its horrors, is preferable to slavery, which is, in our day, its only alternative. But German thinkers have often preached the beauty and nobility of aggressive war as such. The ideas of F. von Bernhardi about the "right" and the "duty" to make war are well known. Suffice it to quote one sentence from his immensely popular "Germany and the next War." (London, 1914, p. 34.) "If we sum up our arguments, we shall see that, from the most opposite aspects, the efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral and must be stigmatized as unworthy of the human race."

Even so thorough a philosopher as Oswald Spengler could not free himself from the German idealization of force. In his

weighty book, "The Decline of the West," he proclaims that the era of ideas and Western culture generally will soon give way to a resurgence of the energy of barbaric nations that will delight in and esteem only the use of brute force. Spengler is at once the heir of German Romanticism and the prophet of "philosophic" Nazism. The following quotation from his famous book speaks volumes:

"And it is an astounding proof of the secret power of root-ideas that Heinrich Hertz, the only Jew among the great physicists of the recent past, was also the only one of them who tried to resolve the dilemma of mechanics by eliminating the idea of force" ("Decline of the West," p. 414).

Here, we have one explanation of the Nazi hatred of the Jews. It is the contempt of the brute for the exponents and symbols of anti-force idealism. Nietzsche, too, in "The Genealogy of Morals" (p. 24) identified the Jews as the authors of that "slave-morality" of justice, equality, righteousness and pity, which the supermen of the "blond-beast" type hold in deepest scorn.

From this sketchy survey it is fairly clear that the roots of Nazism are planted deep in the German soul. Even when the power of the Nazis is completely broken, the character of German thought will remain a problem of great concern to all peace loving nations.

Grandfather of the Protocols

By ERNEST I. JACOB

ABOUT TWENTY YEARS ago Philip P. Graves, Constantinople correspondent of the *Times* of London, disclosed that the notorious Protocols of Zion were largely plagiarized from a political satire against Napoleon the Third, published in Brussels in 1865; 176 passages of the anti-Semitic composition have been taken over almost literally from the *Dialogue aux enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu; ou la Politique de Machiavel au XIX Siècle*, A Dialogue in Hell between Machiavelli and Montesquieu; or, the Politics of Machiavelli in the Nineteenth Century) by Maurice Joly. Neither Joly nor his book has anything to do with Jews or Judaism. The Protocols have been the cause of famous lawsuits and have been made the subject of numerous studies; only lately John S. Curtiss has dealt with them in an impartial historical study, *An Appraisal of the Protocols of Zion* (Columbia University Press). But Maurice Joly, the innocent author of all the trouble, has not yet received the attention which his career and works deserve. French law forbids *la recherche de la paternité* (enquiry into fatherhood); but the grandfather of the Protocols should have his biography made public as the writer has established it by research work in the library of the British Museum.

Napoleon the Third, the object of Joly's attack, has been almost forgotten by the present generation, but in the middle of the Nineteenth Century he was in the limelight as much as Hitler is at present as one of the most hated men of his time. He had announced that "the Empire means peace," but his policy led to many

wars. His internal policy was dictatorship, thinly disguised under the forms of representative government. Only shortly before his breakdown in the war with Germany, 1870, he changed his autocratic regime for a constitutional democracy. Yet opposition to him was never entirely silenced. Political refugees tried to interfere from abroad. There were conspiracies, even attempts on his life. But the name of Joly cannot be found in the records of opposition until some chance of success became plainly visible. For Maurice Joly was no genuine friend of liberty. He was an ambitious adventurer, always on the outlook for a job and mostly unsuccessful.

Joly was born at Lons-le-Saulnier in 1831. His native province, the Jura, provided him with political tendencies he never entirely lost: an attachment to the Roman Catholic Church and to the interests of the Pope, and a vague republicanism. His father had been Attorney General of the region and his mother, the daughter of Laurent Courtois, Paymaster General of Corsica who had nourished the inveterate hatred of a compatriot against the house of Bonaparte. These parents had their promising son educated at Dijon.

After the republican upheaval of the year 1848, the ambitious youth hurried to Paris in the hope of finding a job. He arrived just in time for Napoleon's *coup d'état* and instead of becoming a servant of democracy he entered the service of the dictator's family. For some years he was secretary to Napoleon's cousin, the princess Mathilde. This lady, a daughter of Jerome, king of Westphalia, had married a Russian gentleman of enormous

wealth, but lived separated from him. Since she had a liking for artists and men of letters in whom the Emperor himself was not much interested, she took it on herself to captivate the literary and artistic world of the Second Empire. Joly must have had a good time in her splendid palace. A contemporary describes him as a tall and handsome fellow, very intelligent and very fond of talking on theories. It is not known why and when he left this employment and went on with his studies of the law. In 1860 he became a licentiate by a thesis on Roman and French law which was of no great consequence. He dedicated it to his parents.

Joly entered the bar. The lawyers of the time were as a rule sons of wealthy citizens. But if their means were limited, as were those of Joly, they made a precarious living. Yet the profession gave notoriety and an entrance to politics. Joly wrote a book on the social position of the bar, *Le Barreau de Paris*, published 1863. It contains biographies of fellow-barristers and abounds in flattery of men of influence. Some lawyers of his generation were to play an important part in politics later on, such as Jules Ferry, Herold, and Gambetta.

It is not very likely that Joly acquired a vast clientele. Only in one famous lawsuit of the period is his name mentioned, the action of M. le Vicomte de Noe against M. le Villemont. Joly was one of the minor pleaders in this case. But he never intended to confine himself to his profession. He had a great inclination to journalism, possessing ready wits and a good pen and being of great literary fertility. When—as will be shown later in this study—he was dismissed from prison where he had served a sentence for the *Dialogue*, he founded a judicial magazine *Le Palais*. From 1868 on scarcely one year passed without one or more publications by him. In 1868 he published *Recherches sur l'Art de Parvenir* anonymously, an amusing book on the way to success and

still worth reading. He pretended that some matters were too risky for print and filled the pages on these subjects with hieroglyphs or left them completely empty. In 1867 a book by him on the functions of credit in two volumes had been announced as "in the press."

At the end of his life he published a novel on contemporary manners, *Les Affames*, which is a remarkable study of the "white collar" proletariat just coming into existence. He himself may be regarded as a true representative of this class and was drawing on his own sad experiences in describing black-coated misery in this way: "The man who has fallen in the social scale looks unceasingly for a social position. He is something of an habitual vagabond waiting for an opportunity; living as best he can; clinging to every branch; worming his way in everywhere; listening to everything; keeping his good humor in spite of hunger and thirst; looking for a lucky chance; putting a brave face to the world; pursuing successful people; attaching himself to them as soon as he sees them rise; studying their vices, their weaknesses, their idiosyncrasies in order to profit by them; searching for men, women, money; searching everywhere and anywhere for prey he can devour."

One report has it that Joly took active part in the fights of the Commune during the siege of Paris in 1871. This is not likely. Only one year before in a pamphlet on himself, *Maurice Joly, Son Passe, Son Programme*, he had declared, "I reject communism either as a social factor or a political institution." Anyhow he did not succeed in securing a job from the Third Republic although he had fought for it as a popular orator since the ban on political meetings had been lifted in 1868. His old friends arrived in power, but took pains to get rid of him. Even his books were passed by in silence and he had to get on as a free lance. When Casimir Perier founded a union for a

conservative republic—in connection with some monarchists—Joly, the former passionate left wing politician, became editor of the bulletins of the group. At the same time he entered the staff of the paper *La Liberté*. This change seems not to have done him much good. In his novel he had written, "This sort of life leads to crime or suicide." On July 16, 1878 Joly took his own life. He had been disappointed in all his ambitions and exhausted by the struggle for existence; all his friends had failed him. He was only 47 years of age. His life had been a complete failure. Anti-Semites have claimed that Joly was a Jew; the claim is without the slightest foundation. To the contrary, whenever he mentioned Jews in his works—and this happens two or three times—he speaks of them with contempt and in such a way that it is plain how much he shared all the prejudices of his period regarding Jews.

It was this dubious character and vacillating opportunist who published the *Dialogue in Hell* against Napoleon the Third in 1864. Only three years before he had issued another pamphlet, *Sur l'Adresse du Corps Legislative*, as the Emperor had started on a more liberal course by permitting the legislative Chamber to answer the "speech from the throne." Joly had found nothing but praise for Napoleon, for his genius, for his moderation. "The Chamber will be the real voice of the country in expressing gratitude to the Emperor for so many great services rendered to France in the course of a reign that counted as many actions as days and the unquestionable grandeur of which will take an important place in history." The same man who had written these words, now went about attacking the object of his appreciation. There is some evidence that in doing so he acted not on his own account only but rather was a naive tool in the hands of clever and more important politicians who preferred to keep in the background.

In his short autobiography Joly mentions how the idea of the *Dialogue* came to his mind. "For one year I meditated on a book which would expose the terrible encroachments of the Imperial legislation on all branches of administration. . . . I reflected that among the French so severe a book would find no readers. . . . Suddenly I remembered the impression that had been made on myself by a book known only to dilettantes, entitled *Dialogues Sur Les Bles*, by the Abbe Galliani. To have living or dead persons discuss contemporary politics, this was the idea that came to me." And he tells how he conceived his plan walking along the river Seine one evening. He would have Machiavelli converse with Montesquieu.

Niccolo Machiavelli, the author of the famous *Principe*, was an appropriate representative for ruthless statesmanship not shrinking from cruelty and treachery. Charles de Montesquieu had founded constitutionalism and particularly the division of governmental power into legislative, judicial, and executive. It was nothing new to confront Machiavelli with Montesquieu. Neither was the device original to take Hell as an adequate background for such a discussion. This had been a popular form of literature since the ancient satirist Lucian. It had been used in France by Rabelais, Fenelon, Voltaire. The abode of the doomed souls throws a strange gloom on opinions expressed there. Joly's own invention was: Machiavelli shall stand for Napoleon the Third who thus shall be made to describe his own diabolic politics.

The thesis of the book is: Even in the Nineteenth Century a clever man without inhibitions may be able to deprive a nation of its liberties. Democratic forms may be kept for appearances, but in fact the nation will be oppressed through subtle changes in legislation and administration, through skilful handling of the Press, of the courts of law, of public education, through the principle of ancient Rome,

"bread and circuses." Dictatorship is the only form of government for all times and all nations.

The plan was intelligent and so was its execution. To out-Herod Herod was the purpose and it was well accomplished. The literary qualities of the book are high. More than three quarters of a century later it is still fascinating because of its vivid composition, its elegance of style, and above all its contents which are of abiding actuality even when alluding to events and problems of Napoleon's reign.

Some passages may illustrate what the ideas are that Joly puts into the mouth of his Machiavelli: "Not only would I give to some newspapers the mission of continuously exalting the glory of my reign. I should like for most of these eulogies to appear as echoes of foreign papers from which articles would be reproduced, true or false, which would render striking homage to my own politics. Besides I would have abroad some paid newspapers the assistance of which would be the more effective as I would allow them some opposition on minor points" (p. 153).

"The middle classes, the manufacturers, the educated people, the rich people, the men of letters will bless me; they will cry that I have saved them. Nations have, I do not know what, secret love for powerful men of genius and force. At any violent action which is marked by some faculty of cunning you will hear them say with an admiration surpassing the blame, this is not good, but how clever, how well-done, how strong!" (p. 96).

"I should like to show the people that monuments, the construction of which took centuries, can be built by me in a few years. I would pull down whole cities in order to reconstruct them upon more regular plans and to obtain more beautiful views. You can not imagine how much people are attached to a ruler by buildings. You may say that they

easily forgive the destruction of their laws under the condition that houses are built."

Regarding foreign affairs: "It is necessary to incite revolutionary agitation from one end of Europe to the other, the same kind of agitation I suppress at home. Two great advantages would result: the liberal agitation abroad makes men overlook the interior oppression. Moreover, in this way, all powers are kept in respect; for I can create order or disorder with them as I like. Concerning that which is called the official language a striking contrast is necessary. You cannot pretend too much spirit of loyalty and conciliation. Nations see only the appearances of matters and will give a good reputation of wisdom to a sovereign who behaves in this way. You must be able to answer an interior agitation or an external war; but as in politics words never must be in accord with actions; it is necessary that in the various situations the prince know how to disguise his real designs cleverly under contrary ones. You must appear to give way to public opinion when executing those things that your hands have secretly prepared" (p. 77-78).

"I assure you, the small states which border my country will be always trembling" (p. 134). "My Empire, peaceful at home, will be glorious abroad. I shall wage war in the four corners of the globe. Such a ruler will be the terror of the neighboring states, the arbiter of Europe" (p. 237). "When I say, my reign means peace, it means that there will be a war; when I say that I appeal to moral means, I will use means of force" (p. 301). "You feign a war of ideas, you make a show of disinterestedness and, one fine day, you make an end by seizing a coveted province and by imposing a war tribute on the conquered people" (p. 274). "The war which is going to be waged during my reign will be undertaken in the name of liberty of nations and of their independence" (p. 309).

The *Dialogue* contains a mixture of reality and fancy, of the actual politics of Napoleon and of other things that Joly only fancied that he might do or that were invented by Joly to discredit the Emperor. To mention an example: Joly wants his dictator to come forth as defender of the Pope. Machiavelli is made to say, "At the present time the temporal power of the Pope is highly menaced by hatred against religion as well as by the ambition of the Northern states of Italy." When he is to be attacked, when he is to be expelled from his state, the bayonets of the dictator should bring him back and maintain him by keeping a constant garrison in Rome. Then the ruler might be able to dispose of the Saint Siege as though it would reside in a province of his own empire (p. 204). This was exactly the policy of Napoleon the Third. In the revolutionary year of 1848 the Pope had been expelled from Rome and the population of his state had formed a republic under the leadership of Garibaldi. One of the first actions of Napoleon as president of the French Republic was to bring the Pope back by force in 1849. A French garrison remained in Rome during the entire Second Empire. But it proved to be not so advantageous as Joly-Machiavelli had expected. The French ambassador at Rome wrote, about 1860, that France would remain without any influence on the Pope as long as he was guarded by her soldiers; for he felt no gratitude for his protection, regarding it merely as the normal duty of a Catholic power.

In another passage Joly's Machiavelli advised his imaginary ruler to make a prince of the royal family play the role of a member of the opposition, thus misleading public opinion. This is Joly's explanation of the fact that one of the members of the Bonaparte family, Prince Napoleon, encouraged the formation of a political group among the workmen, the "group of the Palais Royal," and approved

of a project of sending representatives of French workmen to the exhibition in London in 1862. This was done with the consent of the Emperor, who attempted to win new popularity and to withhold the workmen from the groups of the opposition. But it was not such a diabolic design as described by Joly. When in 1865 the Prince Napoleon gave a speech that was really liberal and was directed against the church, Napoleon the Third did not hesitate to blame him in public, "This speech will serve the adversaries of my government only." The reprimand was printed in the official *Moniteur*; the Prince had to resign as deputy president of the Privy Council and retired from public life.

Joly advises his dictator to have all candidates for public elections take an oath of loyalty. This was the actual policy of Napoleon, who made wide use of this trick, as instance the elections for the Chamber of the year 1863. The candidates of the opposition were in a difficult position. Not to take the oath would have meant resigning from fighting the regime, the opposite to acknowledge it. Some members of the opposition abandoned their candidatures for this reason. Others declared this regulation to be an empty formality without any consequence. Numerous details of Napoleon's regulations for the Press or of his Italian policy are reflected in the *Dialogue* in the same way.

Joly had written, "I shall make the small states which border my country publish laws that inflict prosecution on their own subjects if they attack my government through the Press or in another way" (p. 134). By this he alluded to Napoleon's politics in 1859. On January 14, 1858 the Emperor entering the opera house at Paris had been assaulted by an Italian, Orsini. He remained unhurt, but a number of onlookers fell victims to the three bombs. Napoleon's reaction was rage against the French refugees abroad and against the countries which had taken

them in and had allowed them to publish papers against him. He made strong representations to the four liberal states bordering France. The small ones, Switzerland, Belgium, and Sardinia were intimidated and made concessions, but England resisted his demands.

In all twenty-four dialogues of the book Machiavelli, champion of autocracy, defeats the defender of democracy, Montesquieu. He astonishes, angers, horrifies him by his recklessness and knows how to answer all his objections and questions. He prophesies that all nations will return to despotism, that the constitutional form of government will be nothing but a historical memory before two more centuries have passed. In the end Montesquieu exclaims, "Almighty God, what did you let happen!"

Joly had his book printed at Brussels in 1864 or 1865. The title-page did not give his name as that of the author, but a "contemporary." Only 450 copies were taken. A very small size had been chosen in order better to smuggle the book across the French frontier. At the same time Joly published another pamphlet, *Les Principes de 1789*, but this under his full name. It carried the motto, "In France the principles of 1789 are always invoked, but neither the principles of 1789 nor the legislation of the Empire under which we are living are known." This booklet of 32 pages contains nothing but quotations from Napoleon's laws and decrees, systematically arranged without a word of comment; but each chapter is preceded by the first article of the Constitution of the year 1852 which had asserted, "The Constitution acknowledges, confirms, guarantees the grant principles of 1789 which are the foundation for public law of the French." Nobody could overlook the contrast between this sentence and the quotations. Yet Joly could not be prosecuted for a critique performed by such a compilation. It corresponds with the statement in the *Dialogue*

that the constitution of a dictator would invoke all fine phrases of liberty in the preamble and leave it at that. The *Principles* were a collection of material for the anonymous *Dialogue* and it was the climax of Joly's insolence to publish this collection under his own name simultaneously with the anonymous *Dialogue*.

But the secret police of the Second Empire discovered the "contemporary." Joly's house was searched, copies of the book were seized, and he was arrested. A court of law found that "This work is neither an abstract and speculative criticism nor a political argument inspired by sincerity. The author charges the French government of having led the public astray through shameful means, hypocritical ways, and perfidious contrivances, of having degraded the character of the nation and corrupted its moral." Joly was sentenced to fifteen months in prison and a fine of 250 francs, for "elicitation of hatred and contempt of the Imperial Government." The sentence was confirmed by the Court of Cassation and Joly had to pay for his satire. This brought him a certain popularity. He re-edited his book with the same text in 1868 when Napoleon had loosened the reins of dictatorship, the name of the author this time given in brackets and the title-page mentioning his condemnation. The *Dialogue* was translated into German. Copies of this translation are even rarer than the original; this writer knows of two copies only, one of them in the U.S.A.

It is certain that the *Dialogue in Hell* did not do much damage to Napoleon's reputation. It shared the lot of so many political pamphlets of all times, that of being quickly forgotten. The *Temps* in its obituary on Joly the day after his suicide said that the book is to be found abroad only. The *Dialogue* was a failure like its author, although he may have dreamt of immortal fame. But a strange

fate has revived his memory after decades of complete oblivion.

The Dialogue was forgotten till a copy fell into the hands of the secret police of the Russian Tsar—thirty years later. The special branch of the Ochrana established at Paris to supervise the activities of Russians abroad came somehow upon the book and used it as an instrument and pretext for persecuting the Jews. They manufactured the Protocols of Zion out of it at an unknown date in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. What they did was to leave out the form of a dialogue and to put the sinister ideas from the mouth of Machiavelli into that of Jews. Almost all quotations drawn in this study from the *Dialogue* can be

found word for word in the Protocols too, and many, many more. By simply writing out the *Dialogue* by Joly without many inventions of their own they have created one of the most powerful weapons of anti-Semitism. More than that, their book, even after its exposé as a forgery, has been used by Hitler as textbook from which he has taken the basic ideas of his own politics as is revealed in the books of Hermann Rauschning. It would be most interesting to point out in detail how the obscure Joly has had an undreamed of influence on modern history in this almost incredible way. Even detailed accounts of the Second Empire do not mention his name. His shadow comes only reluctantly into the limelight of history.

THE COBBLER AT DAWN

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

*The deaf and dumb cobbler of Nalevki street, Warsaw,
was met by the Nazis, and questioned. His silence in-
furiated them, and he was executed by a firing squad.*

Conversant by decades of Psalm swaying,
He was led striped in phylacteries,
Married to sealed soliloquies.
Yet clear and cold the hour that kills.

The beard loud with prayers, and dawn a cruel notebook:
All learning unbroken, glowing in his face—
The earth a contagious green, scheduled and entrenched,
Entombed in fanatic silence.

Past his captive God—the sky was chained:
A small clod the shadow in mourning cloak;
The gun, guilty in its own metal ear,
And cobbler's Blood scrawled bright on each door.

Jews in Agriculture

By GABRIEL DAVIDSON

IT IS ESTIMATED that upwards of a hundred thousand Jews in the United States are engaged wholly or partly in farming. They are to be found in virtually every state, with the largest numbers in those areas where the Jewish population is densest. Their farmsteads range in size from the small intensive nursery to the vast grain and stock ranches. In the aggregate they practice every type of agriculture followed in the United States—dairying, poultry raising, truck farming, floriculture, orcharding, viticulture, cattle raising. They raise tobacco, grain, cotton, sugar beets, and medicinal plants. Some have ventured into fur farming and into the raising of animals for laboratory purposes. Tenant farming is practically nonexistent. The Jew who has been deprived so long of the privilege of owning land, values ownership so strongly that he is willing, if need be, to assume the burden of a mortgage to attain that goal.

While not uniformly successful, Jewish farmers as a class do not lag behind the average run of American farmers. They are quick to adopt new methods, to follow modern practices, and to take advantage of every scientific advance. Those that came from the ranks of business have brought to the farm a trained business acumen acquired in the hard school of city competition, an asset valuable in these days when farming is not simply a matter of sowing and reaping but also of marketing and cost accounting. The farms are on the whole well equipped and well stocked and will stand favorable comparison with the general run of American farms. The modern Jewish farm home is

not the drab abode of pioneer days. Electricity, central heating, sanitary plumbing, telephone, and radio have brought comforts and conveniences not dreamed of by farmers of yesteryear. The automobile and the good road have robbed the farm of its erstwhile loneliness and have brought farm folk closer to the city, with its cultural and recreational offerings. And Jewish rural communities have created their own cultural and recreational opportunities, with clubs and societies, synagogues and social halls. Jews on the farm today are no longer the once diffident immigrants regarded by their neighbors as strangers within the gates. A recent sociological survey points to the fact that over eighty per cent are citizens. Some are sons and some are grandsons of Jewish farmers. Jewish farmers are found serving as members of school boards, justices of the peace, members of fire and police departments, town supervisors, deputy sheriffs, and in other official capacities; in short, Jewish farmers have become integral parts of the larger farm communities. And today Jewish farmers, like their fellow American farmers, are toiling and sweating to meet the heavy responsibilities of war. They are attuning themselves to the rigors of a war economy. They are bending their backs under longer hours and harder toil. They are producing more in the face of serious shortages of labor and commodities. They are buying war bonds, joining the state guard, becoming fire wardens and air raid wardens. They are giving their blood to the Red Cross, pushing scrap and salvage drives, collecting money for gifts to sol-

diers and sailors. Farm girls are nurses. Farm boys, in some instances two or three from the same family, are serving in every branch of the combat forces, as enlisted or drafted men, in all ranks from buck private to commissioned officer, on all fronts and on all the seven seas.

There is no type of farming in which some Jews have not reached top rank. Only a few months ago a Jewish poultry breeder won the award—a second time—for having reared the bird with the highest egg-producing record in the country. He is a "breeders' breeder" who has done yeoman service in improving the productivity of poultry flocks. On Long Island a Jewish vegetable grower is the perennial winner of awards and trophies, also the recipient of a gold medal for distinguished service to the country farm bureau, which he helped organize and to which he was elected life member. A dairy farmer who started via a farm job is today one of the largest producer-distributors of high grade bottled milk in the State of New Jersey, whose record with the health department is well-nigh perfect.

A Jew who emigrated to California owns, free of debt, a stretch of 8,000 acres on which are produced flax, cotton, and barley. His irrigation outfits cost \$165,000 and tractors and equipment over \$200,000. In 1940 his turnover was \$340,000. And, to quote from a California agricultural magazine, "From an agricultural standpoint the achievement is specially significant because both yields and quality are tops. . . . While these methods are being applied to large scale farming many of them could be adapted to small farms in other locations with profit."

Some years ago fields on President Roosevelt's farm were sown with alfalfa seed furnished by a Jewish seed grower, a former president of the South Dakota Seed Growers Association. Later the grower was taken on a personal tour of inspection by the President to view the

luxurious stand which his seed had produced.

The largest potato grower in famed Aroostook County, Maine is a Jew, whose nephew runs him a close second. A Jewish floriculturist produces the largest volume and the greatest variety of flowers raised by a single individual in the New York metropolitan area. A Jew is probably the largest onion grower in the country.

Jews have also made their influence felt in the scientific and economic phases of American agriculture. Jacob G. Lipman, the late Dean of Rutgers College of Agriculture, was acknowledged in America and abroad as the foremost authority on soil science. Selma A. Waksman is the Professor of Soil Microbiology and Jacob S. Jaffe is the Associate Professor in Soil Research, both of Rutgers. Waksman was just awarded an honorary doctorate by Rutgers for "achievements of worldwide significance . . . in the field of science." For almost a quarter of a century, until his death in 1939, Jacob J. Taubenhaus held the post of Chief of the Division of Plant Pathology and Physiology at the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station. Meyer Edward Jaffa was Professor of Nutrition at the University of California. Benjamin I. Masurovsky invented the dairyman's "slide rule" which bears his name. A leading pathologist in the United States Department of Agriculture is Moses N. Levine. Robert Marshall, the Chief of the Division of Recreation and Soil Conservation in the United States Forest Service, made pioneer explorations in the Rocky Mountains and mapped 12,000 square miles of uncharted lands in Northern Alaska.

Mordecai Ezekiel is the Economic Adviser to the United States Secretary of Agriculture, and Joshua Bernhardt is the Chief of the Sugar Division of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Leonard G. Robinson, the former head of the Jewish Agricultural Society, organized and became the first president of the

Federal Land Bank of Springfield. Secretary Morgenthau, when Governor of the Farm Credit Administration, brought into being the largest and most comprehensive farm credit system that has ever been devised for the farmer's welfare.

Many more examples of Jewish achievement in the farm world—as "dirt" farmer, scientist, and economist—could be cited if the scope of this article permitted.

The farm cooperative is regarded by thinkers as a most potent aid in the solution of farm problems, and it has been energetically fostered by governmental agencies. Jewish farmers have always played a leading role in the formation of well functioning cooperatives. And, although a minority in membership, they are moving spirits in their direction and management. These cooperatives include buying and selling associations, credit unions, fire insurance companies, and even an association of cooperatives.

The story just told is the culmination of forty years of Jewish agricultural development in this country. Though Jews farmed ever since colonial days, it was only with the beginning of the present century that real growth set in. What was the force that influenced the Jew to turn farmward? Primarily an inner urge, long dormant and repressed by outer circumstances. The early Jew was shepherd and herdsman, whose life revolved around fields and flocks. From *Genesis*, through the whole of the Scriptures, the Bible is replete with allusions to agriculture. Song, poem, proverb and prophecy extol the blessing springing from a life of husbandry. "The Lord is my shepherd" sings the psalmist. The Lord's promise to Israel is the promise of "a land flowing with milk and honey." Ethical and religious practices prescribed in the Bible are tied to agriculture. The corners of the fields, the sheaves that slipped from the gatherers' hands, the unpicked grapes and olives were to be left for the "stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow." The three

important Jewish festivals, Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, are fundamentally harvest festivals. And so agriculture is a distinctive element in the framework around which Jewish law, Jewish philosophy, and Jewish religion were built.

For two millenia, since the Jew lost his homeland, he has been wandering over the face of the earth with only brief and intermittent interludes of relative security of residence and occupation. Nowhere for any length of time did he have that firm anchorage which would permit him to lead an agrarian life. With land ownership proscribed, membership in occupational guilds closed (preventing acquisition of manual skills), with expulsion edicts constantly hanging over his head, the Jew had to seek such forms of livelihood as would permit him upon short notice to pull up stakes, load his possessions on his back, and move onward to some more friendly, yet uncertain, refuge. Even after emancipation in some European countries, few Jews had access to the soil. Most still lived in the benighted lands where their lot was not much better than in the days of medieval darkness.

When restrictions were lifted Jews began to give vent to the agricultural urge. In America there were Jewish farmers from the very beginning—in small numbers, because the Jewish population of the United States was small. In 1825 when Mordecai Manuel Noah launched his grandiose project to create a City of Refuge on Grand Island in the Niagara River, there were only 3,000 Jews in the country, and in 1877, just before the heavy migration following the Russian May Laws of 1881, there were less than 250,000 out of a population of 44,000,000. The stream of immigration set in motion by the cruel Czaristic edicts ushered in a hectic period of Jewish agricultural colonization, romantic in concept, tragic in result, yet symbolic of the unquenchable yearning of the Jew for the land.

In the short span of six years beginning in 1881 no less than sixteen agricultural colonies were launched in such widely scattered areas as New Jersey, Louisiana, Arkansas, Dakota, Kansas, Colorado, Oregon, to be followed in the next decade by a colony in Michigan. Conceived in haste; planned under stress, without thought to geographical location, character of land, fitness of colonists, monetary requirements, farm experience; and lacking leadership, these colonies were, with the exception of those in New Jersey, short lived. Flood, drought, hail, aridity, prairie fire, locust pests, heat, cold, disease, plagued the colonies, and these, combined with temperamental clashes, sealed the doom of these misdirected ventures. Yet these abortive efforts were not altogether wasted. They brought home strikingly the need of a guiding hand and led to the establishment by Baron Maurice de Hirsch of the Fund which bears his name, and later, of the founding of The Jewish Agricultural Society.

Established in 1900, The Jewish Agricultural Society witnessed the growth of a Jewish farm population from two hundred families to its present size. It witnessed the evolution of a movement confined to a small area into one that has pushed its roots into regions in almost all parts of the country. It saw the limited range of farm economy expanded to embrace every branch of American agriculture. At the outset little more than a lending association, the Society gradually developed into an organization which came to embrace every phase of farming, every aspect of farm life, including agricultural education and extension, field instruction, farm publications, a purchasing service, night agricultural courses, agricultural scholarships, student loans, rural sanitation, an employment service. It reached back, too, to guide the farm seeker in his entry into farming. The Society has refrained from propaganda and has consistently avoided

any implication of an eleemosynary flavor. It rendered service, financial and educational, which any man could accept with self-respect and dignity. And, though it made loans in forty states, it does not claim to be the creator of the Jewish farm movement in the United States. It recognizes that there would have been a Jewish back to the land movement, perhaps of smaller dimensions, Society or no Society. The Society does claim however, that it has given that wholesome impetus which has resulted in making more and better farmers and in building up progressive Jewish farm communities.

What does all this mean? What are the implications and potentialities? Some thousands of Jewish families have been directed into a life out of which they can derive both material sustenance and spiritual satisfaction, where they can lead a life which, though not easy or carefree, is nevertheless free from many of the strains and tensions that beset the city family, a life of quiet and serenity away from the moil and turmoil of the busy market-place. The farm is not a road to riches but the farmer has a feeling of independence and security hardly equalled by the urbanite of the same economic level. And, in these crucial days, the farmer has the gratification that springs from the knowledge that he is producing the foodstuffs which will lead to victory and to the rehabilitation of famished war-torn countries.

From the standpoint of the individual, these are the fundamental considerations. But, from the standpoint of the whole, there are other—and significant—considerations. The movement of Jews to farms has brought in its train an accompanying movement of other Jews to towns and villages nearby. Thus live rural Jewish communities have grown up. Farmers' children have remained in these communities as professional men, artisans, and tradespeople. To the extent that Jews have gone to the country, whether as

farmers or otherwise, to that extent has the pressure on the city been lessened, the disproportionate population distribution evened out, and the lopsided occupational composition balanced.

By demonstrating that he can plow the earth and bring forth the fruit thereof the Jewish farmer has exploded the myth that the Jew lacks creative and productive capacity. He has shown that, given the opportunity, he can toil and till and derive happiness out of so doing. Unwittingly he built better than he knew. On the farm the Jew lives in comity with his Christian neighbor, a relationship wholesome in itself and one which serves as a leaven in the cause of good will and better understanding.

What of the future? Will the Jewish movement landward grow or decline

when peace once more reigns? What are the factors that will govern expansion or contraction? Will the returning soldier, the discharged war worker, the displaced tradesman, the disrupted war goods manufacturer, will all these—and others dislocated in the transitions from peace to war and then back from war to peace—cast their eyes toward the farm? Much will depend on the general economic picture. Much will depend on the general farm picture. Will prosperity or adversity influence the trend? Who can give the answer? One thing is certain—that, come what may, the Jewish farmer is here to stay. Be the number larger or smaller, the Jewish farmer will continue to march in step with his fellow farmers, in the vanguard of America's agriculture.

MACROBIUS

By REYNOLDS YOUNG

These are the latter days, when at our gates
Barbarian hordes, not long to be repelled,
Insistent surge, and all that we have held
Of living worth is destined by the fates
To the long darkness. No culture compensates
The loss of civic virtue. Those who compelled
Our strength imperial are by proscription felled,
And internecine strife our power abates.

With stoic resolution face the doom
Which soon descends. With talk of verse and art
Beguile our little time. Disasters loom,
And coming night to which we soon depart,
Yet knowing dawn will come and life resume
The deathless quest which fires the human heart.

Cultural Diversity and World Unity

By CARL GRABO

I

POETS, said Shelley, are the prophets and legislators of the world. By poets Shelley meant those of creative mind, whether their work lies in the various arts or with the social and political institutions of mankind. The creative imagination seeks to bring order out of disorder, to bring peace where before was conflict, and enable men to put their talents to constructive uses. We of today perceive more clearly than the visionaries of the past the possibility and the necessity of an international order in which there is peace, a peace in which every tribe and nation of whatever color and creed is free to develop its character and talents provided that in so doing all other tribes, nations, and creeds enjoy an equal right. The realization of this ideal, men being what they are, will be a long and difficult process. Yet this clearly is the goal, and the man in the street no less than the poet begins to perceive it. The world, if it is to survive, and if life is to be worth living, must change its ways, and men of all peoples and beliefs must learn to live amicably together. The alternative, which is not to be thought of, is the domination by one people or nation of all others, even to the actual physical extermination of all others. There is no *Herrenvolk* which has demonstrated its right to such a role nor is there likely to be. All groups of mankind have something to contribute to the richness and color of human life as we hope and believe it will sometime, in the far distant future, be.

There are those who would demur were we to ascribe purpose to nature,

for purpose implies a conscious intelligence which nature may or may not have. But nature has her ways and practices, whether consciously intelligent or no. These are visible in her creations, the plants and animals which are the product of her energies. In these nature is endlessly experimental as though seeking to vitalize the entire world and to transform all inanimate matter into an infinite creation of life forms, no two, however alike, without some minute variation from their seeming counterparts. Philosophy generalizes to this effect: the universe is a unity in multiplicity, a multiplicity in unity. All is one, but within the one is infinite variety. We speak, too, of the balance of nature, which for man to disturb as he constantly does, is to evoke unanticipated dangers. If we destroy one form of life another form may menace our well-being: if we destroy the birds the insects will devour our crops. When in the Kaiobab National Forest many of the mountain lions were killed, the deer so multiplied that they became too numerous for their grazing land and many had to be shot. Man had destroyed the delicate balance which nature had achieved whereby both deer and mountain lions in certain fixed proportions were enabled to live.

The question arises, what are we to do if nature's balance involves as it does, ways of life which in human eyes are cruel? Deer are beautiful and gentle creatures. Mountain lions, too, are beautiful, but to our thinking cruel. Yet if we destroy the latter, the beautiful and gentle deer suffer famine and fall to the hun-

ter's gun. We but substitute one cruelty for another. Clearly the question is not only obscure practically but ethically, admitting no easy answer. I have no answer to give but merely a cautionary moral to draw. Among human animals as among dumb creatures we had best not presume to tamper more than self-preservation demands with the balance of nature. If the German people seems, as it does, to be at the moment little better than a pack of wolves, we must for our own defense fight against them, even destroy them in part. Yet we should resist the temptation to destroy them entirely. Subdued and chastened they will contribute, as they have done in the past, to the enrichment of human civilization. So, too, the Japanese. Perhaps head-hunters, cannibals, and the fiercest and least human of savages have each something to contribute to the future of man. Such a belief and faith does in no way conflict with the practical necessity of putting an end to head hunting and cannibalism. There is always an alternative to annihilation: education.

II

An international order, a world of men of all nations, races, and beliefs living together in some degree of unity and not forever at one another's throats is clearly not to be achieved in a day. Yet it is the only world we can envision tolerable to humane man. The alternative is domination by one nation or race and the enslavement or destruction of all the rest. We must choose the better alternative and if we do that we must agree that the world as a whole, ourselves included, must be educated to a new, a better, a more tolerant way of life than this world has ever known. Education is a large word; it includes our habits, our beliefs, the manner of our thinking, and our arts. I must be concerned here with only a small corner of so vast a field, our arts, and more particularly the art of poetry.

Modern invention has made our world a small place. The globe shrinks visibly, as the current war attests, before the airplane and the radio. The war has been an education in geography. The Solomons are now more than a name and have become a group of islands which we can identify on a map and to some extent visualize. And so with many remote and little-known corners of the globe. We are becoming world-minded and along with our increased knowledge of geography has come some little knowledge of races and peoples who before were names only. This is a necessary part of the re-education we must undergo before we achieve the federation of man and vote wisely for a congress of the nations. It is not difficult to conceive a much closer community with these hitherto remote spots. Their inhabitants will soon be buying our tooth paste, listening to our radio programs, and viewing with amazement the tropical grace and glamor of Dorothy Lamour. We can believe the Polynesian beauties will be made suddenly aware of their deficiencies.

Yet upon this so evident enrichment of civilization intrudes a doubt. Our mechanizers and advertisers, our mass production methods and all the practical devices of our practical race have one great defect. So sure are we of our superiority, so active is our missionary zeal to bring to others all the benefits of our ways of life, that we thoughtlessly destroy all native practices and traditions. The native Hawaiian plays on his ukelele our popular songs, and the cannibal chieftain discards his picturesque head-dress for the plug hat of the mortician. What our type of civilization does to native peoples Americans have witnessed for two hundred years in the degradation of Indian tribes. Many of these have altogether withered away. Others have become sullen and sottish pensioners of a paternalistic government. Only a few, as notably the pueblo Indians and the Navajos, have

contrived to hold their own and even to benefit from contact with the conquering whites, adopting some of our inventions and scientific knowledge while retaining the best of their own traditions and speaking still their own language.

The destruction of languages among weak and primitive tribes is an incalculable loss, for with the loss of language has gone also a wealth of native myth, folklore, and poetry. The Spanish destruction of the Aztec and Inca civilizations was the most thorough and irreparable that we know upon the American continents. Scholars now laboriously endeavor to restore what they can from the scattered and fragmentary records of a civilization and culture deserving a better fate than that which they suffered at the hands of Cortez and Pizarro. Men who were themselves civilized would, even though conquerors, have preserved the speech, the art, and the literature of the conquered. But the white peoples, in their subjugation of the earth, have rarely had regard for the cultures of lesser peoples and this only in recent times. In our country, at the eleventh hour, an attempt now is being made to foster the arts of our southwestern Indian tribes and with considerable success. Perhaps this is an omen of a dawning enlightenment among the dominant peoples of the earth. Certainly we shall need to do much more than refrain from slaughtering savages and barbarians if they and we are both to benefit from the more intimate contacts which our rapidly shrinking earth will hereafter impose.

III

The arts of design and the manual crafts of primitive peoples it is probable will survive better than their language and their literature, whether oral or written. If the language group is small and if, especially, it has no written records, the speech itself will in time vanish and the language of the conqueror will pre-

vail, incorporating, perhaps, as English has done, some words from the speech of the group it has assimilated. The history of the English conquest of the Celts in the British Isles is illuminating. The last person to speak Cornish died, it is recorded, a little more than a century ago. Gaelic is still spoken in some parts of the Scottish Highlands and the remoter Scottish Isles. It is seemingly a dying tongue and has, I believe, few literary records. Ireland, though never completely subjugated, lost her native speech except in a few outlying districts. The Irish literary movement has endeavored to revive the study of Erse and make it a genuinely living tongue but thus far with dubious success. The Welsh, on the other hand, have retained their language and have become for the most part bilingual. The rich literatures in Irish and Welsh, make the retention of both languages as living creative tongues surely desirable.

Why, however, is it desirable that languages spoken only by a few thousand people or even by a few millions, should be kept alive in our shrinking world, a world moving towards some international scheme of government, and tragically striving for unity lest it destroy itself? Language differences are barriers between peoples. Would it not be better that everyone spoke and knew only English, or Chinese? A single world language, even were such desirable, which I do not believe, would be more difficult to realize than a peaceful international political union. The Swiss are seemingly well united politically but they express their common aims in three languages. And Switzerland is a small country. No people, however small, willingly gives up its native speech. Even conquered and enslaved people cherish their language and retain it for long despite all efforts of the conquerors to uproot it. Yet the enslaved if few in numbers and if their conquest is complete, will in time forget the speech of their forefathers. A single world lan-

guage might be, in time, imposed by a conquering people upon all the vanquished. But the subjugation would need be complete and the time would be very long.

The more probable future which this world faces with the defeat of the barbaric forces which are seeking to destroy it, is a world much more closely knit, both politically and economically, than the one we have known. The federation of man is not so much as it once was, when only poets predicted it, a visionary project. Increasingly we shall, too, feel responsible for the economic underprivileged wherever they may be on earth, whether in the slums of our cities or in the jungles of New Guinea, or in the high Andes. We need not be dreamers but the most practical of men to perceive that this is the form and pressure of the time. Contacts between one race and another, between one nation and another, are going to be closer than ever before. The radio, the airplane, and the need of tropical oils and the wool of the alpaca will see to that howsoever isolationist our predilections may be. This being so, it is needful that those concerned for the preservation and enrichment of human culture should see that as little as possible of cultural values is lost in the process.

The problem of communication among peoples speaking different tongues offers various possibilities of solution. The English speaking peoples do not constitute the largest language group in the world, but English is probably more widely used, more extensively used geographically, than any other tongue. This is so because the English speaking peoples are widely scattered over the earth's surface and because they are pre-eminently trading peoples and dominate the seas. The extension of English as an international language, the tongue that business men and educated people the world over will learn in addition to their own native speech is a possibility. The other is the

adoption, under international auspices, of some scientifically built artificial language, such as Esperanto. The advantages of an artificial language in its simplicity and ease of acquisition are obvious. It could be made a useful medium in trade and for the communication of knowledge, as in the books and articles of scientists and scholars, whose audience is world-wide.

Yet it is hard to believe that any artificial language can be a happy medium for literary purposes. The literature of knowledge, in De Quincey's definition, is informative literature, literature which conveys facts. Esperanto might, I should suppose, be shaped to an admirable tool for this purpose. But the literature of power is emotional literature, and for conveying emotions a made language would be little better than mathematical symbols. It is true that Professor Whitehead has said there are pages of mathematics of such sublimity as to bring tears to the eyes. I cannot think, however, that mathematical symbols will ever suffice to convey the feelings of lovers, or grief at human loss, or the emotions we experience in the presence of great beauty. For these experiences we need the language of poetry and the language of poetry intimates much more than it explicitly says. Its meanings are evoked by the associations of familiar words, words learned in infancy by association with objects dear to us, and by our reading of the literature native to us.

It is rare that any translation of a poem from one language to another carries over from the original all that was there. The better the original the more impossible the translation, for it asks of the translator gifts as great as those of the original author. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* is said, on I do not know what authority, to be better than the original. If so it is only because Coleridge was a greater poet than Schiller. Translations of Homer, of which there are many in English, are all judged deficient in

some respect, and so with most of the translations of the better works in Greek and Latin. Shelley's translation of Plato's *Symposium* is a far finer piece of English than Jowett's, however greater a Greek scholar Jowett may have been. Shelley was greater as a writer, as a poet, and had a finer feeling for style. Yet Shelley himself said it was impossible to translate Plato and do full justice to him. The finest prose, the most poetic prose, no more than fine poetry, can be wholly translated. It is perhaps noteworthy that the English poets who have been most influential on Continental literatures, such as Scott and Byron, have been poets of very little poetic delicacy and subtlety. Poe, likewise, is said to be improved in French translation. This we concede is possible. But I doubt that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley and many others have ever been even tolerably translated into another tongue.

IV

Rarely will translations do full justice to their originals, and the more delicate and subtle the work, as in the instance of an imaginative poem finely phrased, the less likely is its translation to convey its entire meaning. Nevertheless the influence of other literatures upon English has in the past been immense and fruitful. The great Elizabethan age translated endlessly from Latin and Greek and from Italian and Spanish. On taking stories from these literatures it adapted them for its own original purposes in stories and plays. It took over verse forms and poetic devices and its fine lyrics are often imitative, in the best sense, of foreign originals. At other and later times French, German, and Scandinavian literatures have fostered new developments and initiated new movements in English. And it is no more than fifty years since the Russian novel, but not I believe Russian poetry, exerted a profound influence. Though the translations from Tolstoy,

Dostoevski, and Turgenev do not, we may be sure, carry over all that is in the originals they are, even so, great and moving works which have stimulated English novelists in emulation of them.

For obvious reasons the influence of Oriental literatures on English has been relatively small. Until the sixteenth century the cultural contacts of East and West were slight and sporadic, at least in days subsequent to the Roman conquests. With the establishment of trade relations, of religious missions, and with diplomatic contacts the study of Oriental languages and literatures begins. An English translation of a French translation of the *Arabian Nights* was made early in the 18th century and to it we owe such a literary masterpiece as Beckford's *Vathek* and various 18th century Turkish and Persian tales of slight consequence. Sir William Jones, the first great English Orientalist, near the end of the century made translations from Indian and Persian philosophy and translations and adaptations from Oriental verse. Though his poetry is not of a high order yet some of his Orientalism is caught by Shelley, while Southey, in the *Curse of Kehama*, wrote an epic embodying the gods and devils of Hindoo mythology.

Relations with the Orient have grown closer in the century since, but the cultural influences of the Orient are more apparent, I believe, in painting, sculpture, and dancing, as too, of course in philosophy, than in poetry, for the reason indicated that poetry is of all the arts the most difficult to translate. We have knowledge of the great wealth of Chinese poetry with but the slightest intimations of its quality. The English poet who wishes to know an Oriental literature must be a scholar in a tongue which is usually difficult for a European or an American to master. With exceptions, neither Englishmen nor Americans have been notable linguists. They have not had to be so, for we have very considerably imposed English upon the rest of the world. Nor

have they been sufficiently curious of cultures foreign to them, partly because, I fear, they have been too complacent and self-sufficient and in their arrogance have looked down upon cultures and arts older and sometimes greater than their own.

The Oriental student, scholar, and artist is likely to do more for us than we for him. There will be more Orientals to learn English well than Americans to learn Chinese or Hindustani. At the present time American Universities are more numerous and better equipped than the Universities in Asia. No doubt this unbalance will in time be rectified and the interchange of students be more equal. The Oriental scholar and writer who is at the same time a master of English can hasten that day by disclosing in English the treasury of Oriental thought and poetry. He, better than the American or Englishman, will be more often competent as translator and adaptor from one language to another. This is not to forget that Fitzgerald, a Persian scholar, wrote the *Rubaiyat*, that Lafcadio Hearn translated beautifully Chinese and Japanese folk tales, and that F. W. Bain in his poetic prose tales, *A Digit of the Moon*, *A Bubble of the Foam*, and many others has caught the color and spirit of Hindoo myths.

V

The richness of world culture which we envisage in our hope of a federated world requires that each people, big or little, cultivate its art and its poetry after the manner native to it. But it asks, too, the freest interchange of influences to animate and stimulate these cultures to new cross experimentation. Ideally our educated world citizen should be bilingual from infancy, knowing besides his own tongue one other which will open to him a literature different from his own. Were this second tongue, for an Oriental, English, and were he well enough versed in English to write poetry composed in the spirit and

tradition of his native heritage, English literature certainly would be vastly enriched. And were he, conversely, to translate from English into his own tongue, his own literature would be enlarged, and those emotional bonds which will be needful to bind a new and better world, would be strengthened.

An American who looks to our so-called melting-pot and considers the history of the assimilation of our many foreign groups to the American way of life must lament the cultural loss which has accompanied the process. We have considerably attained political unity but at what cost to cultural diversity. These foreign groups which have successively come to us from the earliest Colonial times brought each one a cultural heritage which, had we been intelligent, we would have encouraged them to cling to. Political unity, a common democratic purpose, do not necessitate that everyone should be like everyone else. Yet all our intelligent foreign critics have pointed out the monotony, the sameness of American life. Seemingly we wish our national life, like our automobiles, to be built of interchangeable parts.

Consider what happens to the children of immigrants. They desire to be wholly American, in no way different from other American boys and girls. In the home they hear and understand the language of their parents; and they respond in English. They wish not to speak, and to forget as soon as they can, their parents' Russian, Italian, Lithuanian, Polish—the hundred tongues which our immigrants speak. Far too soon they succeed and the literatures of all Europe and Asia are soon as inaccessible to them as to American youth whose ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. In high school or college they may laboriously and imperfectly acquire some knowledge of French or German but rarely enough to make the literatures of those languages easy to them. And wherein is French or German superior to

Italian or Russian or their literatures better worth knowing? We have thrown away an immense cultural heritage in our stupidity, our lack of imagination, and our passion for uniformity.

When I say we as a nation have done this I mean we have done so in two ways. In our provinciality we have looked down upon and mocked all "foreigners," forgetting that our own ancestors were once "foreigners". In so doing we have abetted the children of foreigners in their instinctive desire to conform to American ways and to sacrifice everything brought by their parents from abroad—the good as well as the bad. Our common school education has been deliberately designed to destroy everything foreign. An intelligent system would have kept alive the inherited speech of various language groups and in addition to education in English literature and language, instructed the Americanized Finn and Bulgarian in the literature of those tongues. We had every chance to educate a bilingual citizenry and to add to American culture inestimable richness. It is not even now too late to do something to salvage what remains. There must be millions of young people, children of

immigrants, who can understand, even though they will not speak, another tongue than English. They could be encouraged to speak that tongue and read its literature. We know very well that they will not be encouraged to do so.

The provinciality of the American way of life and the insularity of its culture, our complacent belief that not only is our way of life the best in the world but that there is little we can learn from any other will not soon nor easily be altered. By the time we appreciate as a nation the cultural riches which are ours for the taking they will have vanished. There no longer will be young people to be educated in Czech, Swedish, and Bulgarian; much less in Turkish, Japanese, and Chinese. Even the Jew, tenacious of his culture as he has been, will forget Hebrew and Yiddish. He and the grandson of the Ruthenian peasant will be indistinguishable from any other American. Admittedly he will feel more comfortable so. But had we the good sense to encourage him in cultural differences and to realize that out of his past and its culture could come an enrichment of American life we should be wise to our own profit.

Two Fantasies

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

I. THE MIRACLE

WE WERE SITTING at the mouth of the cave where we had laid the Son of Man after we had taken him off the Cross, and we were waiting for the miracle of the resurrection from death to occur. We rolled off the heavy stone from the mouth of the cave and sat there, dumbly waiting for him to appear from the dark gaping hole, radiant with life and love as we knew him.

We did not doubt his resurrection. None of us wavered for a moment in the belief that the miracle would happen. Was it not promised to us? Was it not our most precious possession? The brightest hope of our poor, drab lives weighted down with suffering and oppression? Was it not that faith which had given us the strength to watch his agony from a distance and to live through our own? What would our lives be without the single glimmer of that great hope? How could we go on living without the miracle?

We waited long at the mouth of the dark cave under a blue sky and the early morning sun of a young spring day in the hills of Galilee. The air was so clear and transparent that we could see the hills for miles around us, and so intoxicating that it seemed to have made the birds drunk. The rays of the early morning sun beat down upon us and we could feel the sap of life rising in us even as it did in the blossom-covered trees. It was strange that on a day like this, one's thoughts should be with the dead.

Suddenly, as we were sitting and waiting, a voice came from the cave, a voice sharp, yet soft, a voice we knew so well

and loved so much, his voice, when his anger was kindled against the hypocrites and Pharisees. Somehow the voice did not startle us; we remained sitting in the same posture as before, calm, quiet, confidently awaiting what we knew was sure to come. It was as if the words were not spoken aloud and we did not hear them with our ears, but only their meaning glided into our consciousness together with the rays of the young sun and the transparent spring air of Galilee.

And the voice spoke and said:

"Why are ye here? Why sit ye here waiting for a miracle, ye of blind faith and of no vision? Think ye that ye would allow the Son of Man to be crucified and that he would then arise for you from the dead for your edification? That ye would allow your Master to be dragged through the mud and the dirt of the road, through the dust and grime of Calvary, through the sweat and blood of Golgotha, and then he would arise for you in his old strength, glory and splendor?

"O, ye of strong faith and of no courage, where were ye when the drunken mob made merry and mocked the 'King of the Jews'? Where were ye when the Son of Man was staggering up the hill under his heavy burden? Why did ye deny him when he needed the strength of your recognition and the encouragement of your love? Why did ye stand at a distance when he was nailed to the Cross? Why did ye, even as God, desert him in the hour of his greatest need?

"O, ye who are worse than the Pharisees. They think that they will murder and crucify and then humbly beg for

atonement and it will be given them. And you believe that you will stand silently on a distant hill and watch the crucifixion of Man, and then ask for a miracle and it will be given you. Think ye, that because you cried a little in the stillness of the night when the Son of Man gave up His ghost, you will be rewarded with a miracle? That because you shed a few tears of pity, you will witness the rise of a new life?

"Verily, I say unto you, there will be no miracle. There can be no resurrection and no new life in a world that is dead. It was not I alone who was crucified on the hill. With me, as the two thieves on either side of me, died also those who crucified and those who permitted the crucifixion. The Son of Man cannot come back alive to a world that is dead. It is ye who must be resurrected before he can arise from the dead. Not in this cave, but within you must the miracle begin. . ."

The voice died down as it had come, gently gliding out of our consciousness. It seemed as if the voice had not ceased speaking, but was merely going away further into the hills, growing fainter and

fainter until we could hear it no longer. For all we knew, we might have thought the words instead of hearing them, so gently did they come and go. So we remained sitting unmoved and silent before the dark, gaping hole, still patiently waiting for the miracle of the resurrection from the dead. There we sat, as if nothing had happened, drinking in long deep draughts the blue transparent air, the warm rays of the sun, the youth and hope of the early spring day in the hills of Galilee.

After waiting in vain for a long time, we walked timidly into the cave and found that it was empty. And then we knew that, in spite of the voice and in spite of the warning, the miracle had happened, and wild with joy and hope, we rushed from the cave and shouted: "A Miracle. A Miracle has happened. The Son of Man has risen from the dead," and our shouts resounded loudly and joyously in the spring air, under the blue sky in the hills of Galilee.

And beyond those hills a world, hungry for hope, fearful of death and, like ourselves yearning for a miracle, received our tiding with joyous acclamation.

II. THE MESSIAH WHO WAS LATE

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT we sat at the meeting of the roads waiting for the coming of the Messiah. The night was dark and cold; the dew was heavy on the ground; we were chilled; the stars winked at us brightly and roguishly. The silence of the night beat upon the darkness as a hammer upon an anvil.

We sat still and waited silently, but without fear and anxiety, without that inner, burning restlessness which had shrivelled our bodies and dried up the marrow of our bones throughout those many years of our waiting before. For

this time we were sure of His coming and there was not the slightest doubt in our minds about it. The ancient prophecy had been fulfilled in every detail. The cup of our suffering had overflowed its brim and was foaming and seething all over the world as a heavy, mountainous sea. The white steed of the Messiah had been seen over the hills. His trumpet had already sounded throughout the world, and we, the small remnant of the faithful who, in spite of failure and frustration had clung piteously to the forgotten belief in Him, were now gathered from all corners of the earth to meet our Redeemer at the parting of the roads and bring Him to a world steeped in pain, suffering, and degradation.

We were waiting at the roadside in the dark, chilly night, straining every nerve to hear the thudding of the hoofs of His steed, we the remnant of the faithful who had clung to the last shred of a hope. If a messenger were to come out of the night just then and were to tell us that He for whom we had been waiting so long and so ardently, was again delayed, our hearts would have burst with grief. Yet, when that messenger did not appear, and the wind brought to us vague sounds of far-away thudding of hoofs on the wet ground, we were strangely calm. Why did not our hearts beat wildly in expectation? Was not the hour at hand? Was not our Messiah near? He in whom we had gathered all our hopes as thirsty ones in the desert collect the dew of the night? Why are we almost indifferent? And why do the stars above wink so roguishly at us?

Suddenly as we were sitting thus, silent like mourners in the dark and chilly night, a thought instead of a messenger came galloping out of the dark and spoke loudly as if it were knocking at the gates of our hearts, and said:

"Suppose you who have been martyred by your waiting, you whose lives have been one long torture of tremulous expectation, should at this moment of fulfillment suddenly turn your backs on Him, for whom you have been waiting so long and so passionately? Suppose you, the last remnant of the faithful, who clung to your belief in His coming when it was no more than a dull spark in cold ashes, should now, at the moment when your faith is about to be vindicated and to blaze forth in a conflagration, suddenly decide that you had waited in vain, and should retreat silently into the loneliness from whence you came, without greeting, or even seeing Him?"

The thought fluttered wildly in the dark void like a bird caught in a mysterious trap. But even from its trap it continued to shriek into the night and awaken an echo in our hearts:

"Why not?," something in us responded to the strange call. "Why not, indeed? Have we no justification for such an act? Nay, is it not the only honest and dignified thing to do? For years we have waited, years which have been drawn out into centuries and aeons of time. We have waited until life has been emptied of every other content, and we have become like marble monuments of waiting. Is there another human suffering to compare with the long torture of indefinite waiting? What greater mental pain is there than the torment of daily, hourly expectation? The tremulous start with each knock at the door; the straining of every nerve to hear the approaching footsteps; the hungry scanning of the passing faces; the fears, the doubts, the anxieties, the slow passing of time; the pitiful struggle of faint hope fighting extinction like a small candle light struggling with the wind in a dark night. Is there any fulfillment that can atone for such a long, hopeless, and forlorn waiting? What happiness, riches, and bounty that our Redeemer is bringing us now, can make up for the loneliness and despair of the empty days and dreadful nights?"

"But the long and dreary years of waiting have not passed altogether in vain for us. We have grown wise through our sorrow and big through our pain. We have outgrown our redemption and become bigger than our Redeemer. The fulfillment He is bringing is a child's toy which might have thrilled our hearts years ago, but will leave us cold and indifferent now. Our pain is bigger than His salvation; our grief is nobler than His happiness; our poor martyrdom is richer than His great promise.

"For He is a Redeemer who has delayed His Redemption until there is nothing left of it but a dry memory. He is a messenger who delivers a flower of spring late in the autumn, when the fire has gone out of life and there is a cold, heavy dew on the ground. A salvation that is delayed

too long grows over-ripe and rotten; a fulfillment paid for too dearly in suffering is but another pain. For it is not only fulfillment that matters; the hour of redemption is as important as the act itself. Time is one of the greatest realities in life; it transforms great truths into lies, beauty into ugliness, and promise into disillusionment. A Messiah who is late is, therefore, a false Messiah; a Redeemer who delays His redemption brings only emptiness and cold bitter ashes instead of a flame.

"And so, why should not we, who have grown lean and bitter, but also wise and big through the long years of waiting and suffering, at the last moment not turn our backs upon Him for whom we have been waiting so long and so passionately? What else can we do, but reject the useless treasures which he brings us so late? For we are stronger in our misery than

we can ever be in the poor little joys that He is bringing us. We are richer in our poverty than we can ever be in the wealth that He is offering us. Why not admit the truth which we all know in the secrecy of our hearts, that we have waited in vain all these years and that our Messiah brings us nothing that we did not have long ago?"

The night is dark and cold; the dew is heavy on the ground; the wind brings clearly the heavy thudding of hoofs on the wet ground. The silence of the night beats upon the darkness as a hammer upon an anvil. The lonely thought beats its wings wildly like a bird caught in some invisible trap, and its shrieks resound clearly in our hearts, but we continue to wait as we have waited for centuries. And the stars wink brightly and roguishly at us from above.

Three Sons of the Covenant

By BERNARD POSTAL

IN THIS YEAR when B'nai B'rith is marking its century of service to humanity and to the Jewish people, it is well to turn back to the early days of this oldest and largest national Jewish organization and to recall some of the giants of the 19th century who left their mark on American Jewish history through their leadership in B'nai B'rith. The three men who towered over their contemporaries in the first half century of B'nai B'rith were Henry Jones, the founder, who has been all but forgotten, even in B'nai B'rith; Benjamin Franklin Peixotto, editor and veteran diplomat; and Julius Bien, scientist, educator, and elder statesman.

Henry Jones

The history of every organization is usually coupled with the name of its founder. Thus, we always associate Theodore Herzl with the World Zionist Organization, Isaac Mayer Wise with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Henrietta Szold with Hadassah, Joseph Krauskopf with the Jewish Publication Society, Herman Schapira with the Jewish National Fund, and Hannah Solomon with the Council of Jewish Women. But the oldest of all existing national Jewish organizations in America—B'nai B'rith—is seldom, if ever, coupled with the name of its founder, Henry Jones.

When B'nai B'rith was born in 1843, the American Jewish community consisted of some 25,000 men, women, and children, large numbers of whom were recent immigrants from Germany, Poland, and Bohemia. Organized Jewish life centered around the synagogue. Except for a few burial societies, American Jewry

had no philanthropic agencies apart from the synagogue. Neither was there any provision for orientating the immigrants into the American scene. The Jewish immigrants who had arrived from Germany in the late 1830s were mostly men of little means and less education. While they had great need of material assistance and cultural guidance, the Jewish community was too weak and too divided to offer either in any effective measure. Then, too, unity in Israel was the great desideratum, for the various groups of Jews had little to do with each other. Synagogues increased in number but more because of the spirit of competition and lack of leadership than any real need. The time called for a new type of organization and it was some of the younger and better educated among the German newcomers who did something about it. Chief among these was Henry Jones.

Jones first began talking about a new organization with some of his friends who used to gather at Sinsheimer's coffee shop on Essex Street in New York. He sensed the need for an instrument that would bring together on the same platform all Jews, regardless of religious opinion, geographical origin, or economic status. Although a religious man and a synagogue leader, Jones was sufficiently realistic to see that the rivalry between the congregations of the Portuguese, Dutch, English, Polish, and German Jews, each with their own ritual and their separate and tightly knit community, was begetting a spirit of jealousy and provincial antipathy that blocked union and cooperation. Recognizing the difficulty of uniting the congregations, he proposed to found a society

which, while based on the teachings of Judaism, would be free in its deliberations from everything dogmatic and doctrinal and would be able to unite in a common purpose German and Pole, Hungarian and Hollander, Englishman and Alsatian.

All of his confreres at Sinsheimer's were sympathetic to Jones's idea but they differed on the means of giving it concrete expression. Some suggested a Jewish lodge of the Masons or Odd Fellows. Others urged the establishment of a mutual benefit society. A few thought the problem could be dealt with through a cultural club. But Jones was a man of vision, and he saw that a little club or benefit society could not achieve what was essential. He had the bigger idea of something entirely new in Jewish life—a Jewish fraternal order—the first of its kind in the world, which would have a program sufficiently flexible to embrace all aspects of Jewish life and win the adhesion of all elements in the Jewish community.

Such were the ideals that animated Jones when he gathered around him 11 like-minded men and on October 13, 1843, laid the groundwork for what was to become B'nai B'rith. The broad aims of the new Order were enunciated in its first constitution which declared that "B'nai B'rith has taken upon itself the mission of uniting Israelites in the work of promoting their highest interests and those of humanity." At the same time the motto—"Benevolence, Brotherly Love, and Harmony" was selected, and it has never been changed.

Who was this man Jones who fathered B'nai B'rith? Strange to say, we know little about him but that little is worth telling. Jones was born in Hamburg, Germany, December 22, 1811. From the minutes of New York Lodge No. 1, of which he was the first secretary, it appears that he was fairly well educated. When he conceived the idea of B'nai B'rith, he was a young man of few worldly goods but of considerable standing in the Jew-

ish community. A machinist by trade, he was prominent in the affairs of Congregation Anshe Chesed, New York's third oldest synagogue, of which he was secretary for some years during the late 1830's and early 1840's. Later he left Anshe Chesed to help Rabbi Leo Merzbacher, one of the earliest members of B'nai B'rith, found the Cultus Verein in 1843, which subsequently became Temple Emanuel, the famous Reform congregation.

Jones was also a factor in the early organized Jewish philanthropies of New York. As one of the organizers of the German Benevolent Society, which was founded in 1845, Jones became in fact one of the creators of what is now the vast system of organized Jewish philanthropy in New York City. In 1847, five years before the establishment of Mt. Sinai Hospital, the first Jewish hospital in America, Jones and other leaders of the German Benevolent Society proposed to the older and wealthier Hebrew Benevolent Society (a creation of the Sephardic Jewish community), and to the several Jewish congregations that they unite together for the erection of a hospital. To give point to its plan, the German Benevolent Society voted the sum of \$1,500 out of its general fund and a certain portion of its yearly receipts to help start the hospital.

The Hebrew Benevolent Society quickly approved of the plan and a meeting of Jewish leaders was called, with Mordecai M. Noah presiding. Several of the larger congregations declined their cooperation, thus giving emphasis to the lack of unity that had brought B'nai B'rith into being. As a result the plan fell through. Meanwhile, the moneys voted by the German Benevolent Society were kept apart and grew steadily. In 1859, a few years after Mt. Sinai Hospital had been opened as Jews' Hospital, Jones helped bring about a merger between the German Benevolent Society and the Hebrew Benevolent Society under the name of the Hebrew Benevolent Society of the City of New York. The hospital fund

belonging to the German Benevolent Society was made available to the consolidated agency for the establishment of an orphan asylum, the now famous Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York. Jones became a director of the new society, serving until his death. In 1874 the Hebrew Benevolent Society became a part of what is now the Jewish Social Service Association of New York, a unit in the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

Almost from the day B'nai B'rith was organized Jones devoted himself to it unstintingly. He was secretary of the first lodge. From 1851 to 1855 he was grand saar (president) of the Supreme Lodge. At the time of his death on February 16, 1866, he was president of District Grand Lodge No. 1, which he had helped to organize. His death left his family in serious straits, and B'nai B'rith raised a fund for their relief. When Mrs. Jones died at the age of 81 in 1881, the fund was diverted to educational purposes.

No monuments have been erected to Jones; neither have biographies been written about him. He needs none. His monument is the B'nai B'rith and his biography is its history.

Benjamin Franklin Peixotto

To the 11th annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 2, which met in Chicago in 1862, Cleveland Lodge No. 16 sent as one of its delegates Benjamin Franklin Peixotto, scion of the Portuguese Jewish families which had laid the foundations of the American Jewish community, who was to be cast for an heroic role in the drama of American Jewry. His grandfather had been rabbi of New York's Spanish-Portuguese Synagogue. His father, Daniel Levy Maduro Peixotto, who became president of Cleveland's Willoughby Medical College in 1836, was the first Jewish resident of Cleveland. His mother was a niece of the celebrated Rabbi Gershom Mendes Seixas, who had officiated at George Washington's inaugu-

ration as the first President of the United States.

Although he was only 28, Peixotto was already one of Cleveland's leading citizens in 1862. Left fatherless when he was nine, Peixotto educated himself while helping to support his widowed mother. Making the law his career, he prepared for the bar in the office of Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's great political adversary, with whom he formed a close personal friendship. Subscribing to Douglas' political views, Peixotto made a name for himself by his brilliant political articles in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* during the Lincoln-Douglas debates of the 1850's. His writings won him the political editorship of the *Plain Dealer*, in whose columns he warmly supported Douglas' candidacy for the presidency in 1860.

But when Lincoln was elected Peixotto quickly offered his services and rendered valuable aid in mobilizing patriotic sentiment and in stimulating recruiting in the middle west. His increasingly active role in the community made him such a distinguished public figure that Cleveland Lodge counted it a great triumph when he became a member in 1860. Peixotto brought to B'nai B'rith an eager mind and a broad understanding of Jewish problems. Before he became a Ben B'rith, he had joined with his boyhood chum, Simon Wolf, in organizing the Cleveland Young Men's Hebrew Literary Society and the Cleveland Mercantile Library.

As a delegate to District 2's 1862 convention, Peixotto attracted attention by clear thinking and forthright expression. In 1863, when District 2 convened in Cleveland, Peixotto created a stir by proposing the establishment of a Jewish orphanage to care for the children of Jews killed in the War Between the States. His plan to tax the membership a dollar per year in order to raise a charitable fund won quick approval, setting a precedent for later per capita taxes to finance B'nai B'rith projects. In 1868 this

fund became the nucleus with which the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home was opened.

In the same year that Peixotto fathered the fund that was to establish the Cleveland Home, he made his debut on the national B'nai B'rith scene as a delegate to the 12th annual convention of the Supreme Lodge, which met in Cleveland. Although only 29 and a new personality to many of the delegates, his abilities as an organizer and orator and his unmistakable talents for leadership resulted in his election to the presidency by acclamation, Peixotto won reelection four times, serving until 1867, when he declined to be a candidate.

During his incumbency B'nai B'rith grew from an organization of 48 lodges and three Districts having 4,500 members to the greatest Jewish force in the country, with 87 lodges, five Districts, and a membership of 7,500. Despite limited transportation facilities, he introduced the idea of visiting the lodges in the principal cities, everywhere stirring enthusiasm by his brilliance and learning. As early as 1865 he predicted the expansion of B'nai B'rith to the rest of the world and he foresaw its great contribution to the development of American Jewry's social service and cultural advancement.

Peixotto also pioneered in opening relations between B'nai B'rith and Jewish organizations abroad, notable the Alliance Israelite and the Board of Jewish Deputies of British Jews. It was he who established the precedent of an annual report by the president of B'nai B'rith.

During Peixotto's administration B'nai B'rith answered the first call for assistance from Jews abroad when he inspired the lodges, in response to a plea from Sir Moses Montefiore, to raise \$4,500 for the relief of Jewish cholera victims in Palestine. It was this fund which paved the way not only for B'nai B'rith's historic emergency relief efforts throughout the world but also marked the beginning

of B'nai B'rith's traditional interest in and support of Jewish Palestine. Long before there was an Anti-Defamation League, Peixotto encouraged B'nai B'rith to lead in protesting against a North Carolina law barring from public office all who did not recognize both the Old and New Testaments.

When he left the presidency, he lived in New York for a while, but removed to San Francisco in 1868, where he established a lucrative law practice and resumed his activity in B'nai B'rith as a member of San Francisco Lodge No. 21.

Scarcely had he established himself on the Pacific Coast when news came of horrible barbarities against the Jews of Rumania. Without thought of himself, Peixotto volunteered to go to Rumania to intercede for the unhappy Jews of that country. It was then that Simon Wolf, Peixotto's boyhood friend, and at the time B'nai B'rith's official representative in Washington, successfully proposed to President Grant in 1870, on behalf of B'nai B'rith and the Board of Delegates of American Israelites, that Peixotto be named United States consul to Rumania.

Making no effort to conceal the fact that the appointment was for the express purpose of promoting Jewish emancipation and the cessation of the pogroms, Grant, at an historic meeting with Peixotto in the White House on December 8, 1870, said to his visitor:

The humbler, poorer, more abject and more miserable a people be, be they black, white, Jew, or Christian, the greater should be the concern of those in authority to extend protection, to rescue and redeem them and raise them up to equality with the most enlightened. The story of the suffering of the Hebrews of Rumania profoundly touches every sensibility of our nature. It is one long series of outrage and wrong; and even if there be exaggeration in the accounts which have reached us, enough is evident to prove the imperative duty of all civilized nations extending their moral aid in behalf of a people so unhappy.

I trust Prince Charles and his ministers and the public men of that country may be brought to see that the future of their nation lies in a direction totally opposite to those Draconic laws and persecutions, whether great or petty, which have hitherto so invidiously marked its character. It is not by Chinese walls or Spanish expatriations that nations great or small can hope to make progress in our day. I have no doubt that your presence and influence, together with the efforts of your colleagues of the Guaranteeing Powers, with whom in this matter you will always be prompt to act, will result in mitigating the evils complained of, and end in terminating them. The United States, knowing no distinction between her own citizens on account of religion or nativity, naturally believes in a civilization, the world over, which will secure the same universal views.

Peixotto's office carried with it no salary, and so Peixotto, a man of limited means, was dependent on the support of American Jewry while he was in Rumania. Much of the funds made available to Peixotto came from the membership of B'nai B'rith after Simon Wolf toured the country several times to raise money for Peixotto's mission. The 1874 convention of B'nai B'rith endorsed the undertaking.

Arriving in Bucharest in February, 1871, Peixotto quickly won the friendship of Rumania's Prince Charles. With royal support he succeeded in obtaining governmental measures that stemmed the excesses, while he fended off additional anti-Jewish measures. During the five years that Peixotto was in Rumania, the Jews of that country not only enjoyed a reprieve from violence but, thanks to his tact and diplomacy, were united in their own defense. One of his great achievements was the creation of the Order of Zion, which later became the B'nai B'rith of Rumania.

From his post in Bucharest, Peixotto opened correspondence with Europe's leading statesmen, publicists, and philanthropists in an effort to interest them in

the sufferings not only of Rumanian Jewry but of all Jews in the Balkans. His facile and persuasive pen played a decisive role in bringing about the Brussels Conference of 1872 at which the leading Jews of Europe discussed the plight of Balkan Jewry. As the only representative of American Jewry, Peixotto prevailed upon the European leaders to intervene with their governments to make representations to Rumania. Meanwhile, his official reports to Washington prompted the American State Department to instruct its ministers in Europe to invite other governments to cooperate in halting Jewish persecutions in Rumania.

Out of the Brussels Conference grew the far-reaching action taken at the Berlin Congress of 1878 when Bismarck, Disraeli, and other statesmen agreed to confer upon Rumania the status of an independent kingdom only on the express condition that her new constitution would recognize the civil and political rights of the Jews.

When Rumania accepted this provision, Peixotto felt his work was done and he returned to America. Shortly after he came home, he helped to organize the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, making a speaking tour on its behalf, and also for the newly-formed Hebrew Union College. He also interested himself in politics again by working for the election of Rutherford B. Hayes as President. In 1877 he declined Hayes' offer of the consul-generalship at St. Petersburg, Russia, but later accepted the post of consul at Lyons, France, an office he filled under Presidents Garfield and Arthur, too.

In 1885 he left the consular service for good and returned to the practice of law in New York City. Although he was already suffering from illness that was to cut him down five years later, Peixotto once again resumed active leadership in the American Jewish community. His last great contribution to Jewry was *The*

Menorah, a monthly literary magazine which he founded in 1886. For years B'nai B'rith had discussed plans for its own magazine but nothing came of them until Peixotto undertook to launch such a journal. It was an immediate success and was adopted as B'nai B'rith's official organ. The *National Jewish Monthly* is the direct successor of *The Menorah*.

Peixotto also took an active part in the national B'nai B'rith conventions of 1885 and 1890, while the newly-formed Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Hebrew Technical Institute, Jewish back-to-the-land movements, and the efforts to provide for the great flood of Jewish immigrants that began to pour in from Russia after the pogroms of 1881 all enlisted his support.

When he died in September 1890, three years before B'nai B'rith's golden jubilee, he left the name of Peixotto indelibly etched on the scroll of American Jewish history in the making of which he had played so decisive a part.

Julius Bien

B'nai B'rith was still in swaddling clothes, its program only vaguely defined and its membership limited to a handful in a few Atlantic coast cities when in 1850 there came into its ranks a man destined not only to revolutionize its character and complexion but to lead it to then undreamed of heights and to stand at its helm for longer than any other man in the whole history of the Order. That man was Julius Bien, a contemporary and intimate of the founding fathers but not one of them.

Like almost all of the early figures in B'nai B'rith, Bien was born in Germany, where his father was the rabbi of the Jewish community of Cassel, in Saxony. Educated for the rabbinate, young Bien studied Hebrew and Talmud under the best educators of the day. One of these was Rabbi Lipman Adler, later to head the K.A.M. Congregation in Chicago, old-

est in that city, where he was one of the early leaders of B'nai B'rith.

Bien's youthful inclination for fine arts and the urgings of his teachers persuaded his parents reluctantly to allow him to abandon the ministry for art. In search of greater opportunities, Bien came to the United States in 1849, and opened one of the first lithograph shops in New York at a time when the art of lithography was still in its infancy in this country.

Finding it difficult to obtain orders, Bien devoted himself to painting portraits and political banners. When he got his first big order in 1852—the illustrations for an early work on American locomotives and railroads—Bien was started on the road that was to lead to world-wide fame. The success of this volume, and of another on marine engines, was due as much to their unequalled illustration as to their subject matter.

On the strength of this early work, Bien obtained an interview with President Franklin Pierce. While at the White House, Bien asked the President if he could give him some of the government's lithographing. "I do not give out any work and know nothing about it," the President said. "You had better apply to the Secretary of War." Unabashed, Bien asked whether the President would permit the use of his name with the Secretary of War. Taking a fancy to the young immigrant, Pierce replied: "Of course you may." Secretary of War Jefferson P. Davis was equally pleased with Bien's directness, and helped him get some government work.

Had Davis known that during the War between the States, the field map printing outfit which General Sherman used on his march to the seas would be devised and equipped by Bien, he might have been less generous.

But from that audience with Davis in 1854 until 1900 there was scarcely a geographical, geological, or scientific publication issued by the United States

Government for which the maps and illustrations were not printed and engraved by Bien. The methods of presentation he devised made the geographical significance of the facts portrayed in government documents fully apparent. Coast survey reports, surveys of the Pacific railways, maps of the Western territories, atlases, maps and illustrations of major geographic and scientific expeditions poured from Bien's presses.

The plates for the monumental medical and surgical history of the War Between the States; the great statistical atlas published with the 1870 Census report and the republication of John Audubon's immortal *The Birds of America* were among the products of Bien's artistic genius. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the huge map of the United States, published by authority of the General Land Office, which remained the standard and official map for a generation. He also devised the geographical and geological atlas of the U. S. Geological Survey, which took 20 years to complete, and the illustrations for every U. S. Census from 1870 to 1900.

A pioneer in chromolithography in America, his techniques for geographic, cartographic, and geologic illustrations made scientific history. Scientists of the day hailed his work as uncanny in its accuracy and unsurpassed in its scientific importance. Medals and awards came to him from all parts of the world. When the National Lithographers Association was formed he was one of the founders and from 1886 to 1896 he was its president. As the man who did more than any other to create and establish scientific standards in American cartography, Bien carved for himself a permanent niche in the annals of American arts and sciences.

Equally far-reaching was his role in the American Jewish community, of which he was one of the outstanding leaders for more than a generation by virtue of his presidency of B'nai B'rith from 1868 to 1900. Attracted by the cultural

interests and Jewish ideals of the early leaders of B'nai B'rith, Bien became a member of the Order in 1850. He first joined Hebron Lodge No. 5 and later Zion Lodge No. 2. Subsequently, he became a charter member of Beersheeba Lodge No. 11, now part of Manhattan Washington Lodge in New York.

Bien's zeal for making B'nai B'rith a medium of Jewish cultural expression led him to become one of the founders of B'nai B'rith's Maimonides Library, the first Jewish public library in America. His talent for leadership was quickly recognized and in 1855 he was elected president of District Grand Lodge No. 1. He was reelected in 1856 when he made his first appearance on the national B'nai B'rith scene as a delegate to the Constitution Grand Lodge of that year.

During the late 1850's and early 1860's, it became evident that the centralized direction of B'nai B'rith which had served the Order well in its first years was unequal to the task of guiding an organization that had become nationwide. A change in the organic law became essential to free the District Grand Lodges and the individual lodges from the restraining hand of tradition and paternalism which was interfering with the healthy growth of the Order. Resistance to the demand for a change gave rise to dangerous strife throughout the Order.

This discord, coupled with increasingly sharp differences of opinion over regalia and ritual, the ultimate objectives of B'nai B'rith, a proposal for a B'nai B'rith-sponsored Jewish university which some members saw as an entering wedge for religious controversy, and the War Between the States became so acute as to threaten the very existence of the Order.

All of these conflicts came to a head in 1867 when Bien, who was then acting-national secretary, had the sagacity and understanding to cool the hotheads and forestall a major crisis by proposing that a real national convention, with every

lodge represented, be convened in 1868, to overhaul the archaic machinery of B'nai B'rith, to revitalize the whole Order and to reorganize it as a democratic instrumentality resting on the authority of its members and governed in accordance with the expressed will of a majority of the members.

That convention, in which Bien was the guiding spirit, was a turning point in B'nai B'rith history. It set the pattern for all future national B'nai B'rith assemblies. It adopted a constitution, drafted by Bien, which, with some changes to meet new conditions, has remained basic to this day. It built the organizational structure of B'nai B'rith which has been the foundation on which succeeding generations of leadership have built so successfully. Finally, it marked the beginning of a new orientation in the B'nai B'rith outlook and program.

There was no question as to who would lead B'nai B'rith into its new era. Bien

was unanimously elected president, the first man to hold that title. Without opposition he was reelected in 1874, 1880, 1885, 1890 and 1895. In 1900 he declined to be a candidate for reelection after having stood at the Order's helm for 33 years. At that time he made way for the younger and more vigorous Leo N. Levi. Yet Bien outlived Levi, who died suddenly in 1904. Determined to retain Bien's services, B'nai B'rith created a new office—chancellor of foreign affairs—for him. This office he held until his death in 1909.

In the 59 years that Bien was identified with B'nai B'rith he saw it grow from tiny beginnings into a structure of great proportions. It is the judgment of history that this structure, whose foundation he helped build, is in many respects his enduring monument. Henry Jones and his confreres were the founders of B'nai B'rith but Julius Bien was its life and soul for 33 years.

The Jewish Rodin: Enrico Glicenstein

By NOAH STEINBERG

I

ONE HOT AFTERNOON, some years ago, a small man with dancing eyes came into a Jewish tailor shop, on the east side of New York. He had a small goatee and a childish smile.

"Would you please call up Dr. M. for me?" he asked.

The tailor looked him up and down before replying. "The famous doctor you mean? What for?"

"I want to speak with him," returned the little man, his left eye smiling while the right became serious.

"What have you to say to the famous man?"

"He is my friend, he . . ."

"Hum-mm, he is your friend? How do you know him?"

"I am an artist and a sculptor. I am a professor," came the retort, as his left eye gleamed sharply.

The tailor laughed loudly. "First you are his friend, then you are an artist, next a sculptor, and at last you are a professor. I think you are crazy."

"I am not crazy. Won't you please call up the doctor? I cannot speak the language. Tell him I want to speak to him."

More to satisfy his own curiosity, the tailor apologetically called the doctor.

"Oh, the professor," came a voice over the wire. "I am so glad. Let me speak to him please."

The little man was again smiling. He spoke with his hands, his feet, his whole body. When the doctor's car came for him, the tailor sent one last barb after him. "Humph, you, why you are not even crazy."

The little man who was not even crazy was the great sculptor Enrico Glicenstein.

II

The first time I saw the name Glicenstein was on a postal card an editor had sent congratulating me on the publication of my first book, *Young America*. On the other side of the card was a reproduction of "The Messiah," by Glicenstein. It represented a half mad, half divine figure: the head bent earthwards, the eyes envisaging eternity, the limbs in tattered clothing showing a body covered with wounds.

The figure shocked me. It contradicted the mental picture of "The Messiah" that I had carried since childhood. In my youth I had heard the popular legend of the Messiah: that he would come on a great white horse, a supernatural hero, not less great than Moses and with even greater splendor. The Messiah of Glicenstein is anything but heroic. He is hopelessly tragic. I can never forget the sorrowfully bent head; it haunted the imagination. A bleeding Messiah—such is his saviour. And this deep tragic conception is organically Jewish. According to our people's spiritual values, the divine personality is not the heroic conqueror like Napoleon, but the suffering soul eternally sacrificed, eternally tragic.

I was interested in meeting the artist who had created the Jewish Messiah. In 1925 I met Professor Glicenstein in Chicago. It was a Sabbath evening at Stein's. The artist was in a holiday mood and he spoke freely. I asked the professor how he had arrived at his conception of the Messiah.

"To me the Messiah has never been a pompous heroic figure. He is rather a symbol of a Saviour, representing in his shattered, broken body all the hopes and sufferings of the people, endlessly bandaging his unhealing wounds."

Later I asked how he had been treated in the world as an artist. He became excited, began to speak in English, started a sentence in German, quoted from the Hebrew, went over to Polish, changed to Italian, and finished in German, "Verstehen sie?" I did not at first understand half of what he had said. Later, however, I caught his meaning much more easily.

His favorite topic was always "the public and their attitude toward art." He would tell endless stories of how they had cheated and swindled his work from him by different tricks, ending: "All I have from them are lies and bugs."

The public made him money-mad. They haggled and bargained as if buying clothes. Some were eager to have his work, believing that after his death his work would bring larger sums, as Modigliani's paintings, which the starving artist had exchanged for a dinner, and which after his death soared to fantastic prices. Many who knew of Modigliani wanted to have a Glicenstein, but only at bargain prices.

From them he learned to be shrewd and tricky as the only means of obtaining a livelihood from his work. Yet with all his shrewd methods he always felt insecure, afraid of the meager tomorrow, and not making enough to maintain a decent studio or to buy necessary materials.

When we became more intimate, he related to me his life and development as an artist. Glicenstein was born in 1870, in Turek, Russian-Poland. His father was a stone cutter. From childhood on, he had a love of drawing and carving.

"I was born a delicate child. My parents, fearing I might not live, had added a second to my first name, superstitiously believing that another name gives one

more strength to live. When I became sick they dressed me all in white, as an added protection. I went around in white clothing until I was thirteen years of age, the age when a Jewish son has to take on the responsibilities of manhood. I changed my white clothing and began to think of the future. I dreamed that I could become the Saviour of my people. But how could I save them when they were so hated and despised? I made up my mind to become a great man. I would work hard day and night until I had become a great artist, with a name known throughout the entire world. With that ambition I began to study drawing and carving."

While still young he went to Munich to study art. He spoke of those days in a dramatic tone.

"When I was studying at the academy in Munich, the director once looked at me and said, 'What are you doing here? You are a Jew. How does a Jew come to art? Who sent you here?'"

"I started to say, 'Isn't a Jew' . . . I did not finish, but instead began to work harder. It was a life or death struggle. When there was an exhibition I sent my work and won first prize. Many older and well known artists had their work beside mine, but they gave the first prize to me. They disliked me, but they could not help liking my work. They hated me as a Jew, but gave me the first prize as an artist. There was also a teacher, a professor of art, who hated the sight of a Jew. Whatever I made he condemned as worthless. 'You will never be an artist,' he kept encouraging me. I was silent, and continued to concentrate my power on my work. God, how I worked, yet my work gave me strength, courage and vision. I created my Messiah. There was an exhibition in Berlin. I sent the Messiah and it won the first prize of the Berlin Academy.

"At last I knew I had nothing to fear. I went back to the town where I was born and married.

"Some years later I went to Italy, the land of the Renaissance. There I produced a great deal of work. One day I had a pleasant surprise. The Queen came to my studio to see my statues. In one of the exhibitions in Rome, I had shown my Jeremiah. The King had looked at it and asked about the artist. I was introduced to the King and he bought my work."

I wish I could describe his proud tone, his dramatic gesture, as he told how the King said to him, "Professor, you have done great work."

At about this time he also had an exhibition in London, and when one of his statues was accepted by the British Museum, he went to London. He remained for some time in London making a bust of Lord Balfour, the English statesman. The bust was sent to Palestine, and was unveiled at the opening of the Hebrew University, bringing a reported price of three thousand dollars.

When the professor came to America, some wealthy Jewish people gave him commissions which added greatly to his reputation. In later years, President Roosevelt posed for a bust. When the bust was finished it was cast in bronze, and a few copies were sold. But the aged professor remained dissatisfied, feeling as ever that he was underpaid.

There being no demand for sculpture, he turned to portrait painting, drawings, landscape paintings, and needlepoint work. With some of these creations he had artistic success. He made a wonderful head of Abraham Lincoln, a powerful portrait of Beethoven, and many drawings of Biblical characters and various motives of Jewish life. His work was admired and bought, but for such meager prices that the artist was always faced with the problem of keeping body and soul together. Never being paid anything near the prices he asked, he felt that what people gave him was only an excuse for robbing him of his work. The fear of want was always present, and he began quar-

reling with his customers. The more he quarreled, the less they purchased. Like every other artist producing for a society based on exploitation, he was forced to dance a mad dance in a vicious circle. He was always in need of money for material, and found it difficult to support his family in Italy.

A sculptor's need for money is greater even than that of a painter. His clays, bronzes, and marbles run into almost unbelievable figures. When his product is finished it requires ten times the cost to send it to an exhibition. And for every man with appreciation of a fine sculpture, there are a hundred who thrill to a painting of equal value.

Now and again a friend would attempt to sell a few drawings for him, but when it came to the price, trouble began. When a customer wanted to give \$100.00, Glicenstein wanted \$150.00. The customer would agree to this; the sculptor would then raise the price to \$250.00. Disappointed by this haggling the customer rarely returned.

III

Glicenstein was primarily a sculptor, an artist working with planes and forms through the medium of clay and wood. He was the greatest Jewish artist working in this medium since Marc Antokolsky. He is considered the greatest Jewish master in modeling and his daring originality has enriched the world of art. Unsurpassed in his day, he cut with such sureness that his achievement became a law to itself. Some of his finished works give the impression that they have been in their complete state throughout eternity. At the same time he synthesizes national and traditional values.

In his technique he was influenced by the classics. Some of his drawings remind one of Michelangelo and other old masters. He is strong when he follows their footsteps. He does not resort to technical virtuosity as does Weiner, who has been influenced by French sculpture.

Glicenstein was influenced by Jewish traditional thought. He is not the innovator but the immortalizer. Like Rodin he is master of the synthetic whole. Rodin is daringly modern; Glicenstein is a continuation of the classics, fused with his original primitive genius. Where Rodin is individualistically lyrical, almost personally intimate in his erotic expression, Glicenstein is socially lyrical and combines the national and the universal. Rodin expresses the subtleties of high intellectual refinement. Glicenstein is not an intellectual artist; he works from intuition. Perhaps intuition, being the true basis of life, is also a true guide in art. But we must not forget that Glicenstein's is a creative intuition.

Rodin was one of the luckiest artists in the history of art, in having success while alive. Behind him stood the French Government and the large museums of his country. But Glicenstein worked under adverse conditions, continually struggling for any chance to work. Rodin as an artist was firmly attached to his country, like a tree with its roots in the earth. Glicenstein had no roots in any country. As an artist he lived like a vagabond, wandering from one country to the other, driven by necessity and exposed to chance. But sculpture, more than any other art, needs a solid foundation and the firmness of the earth to bring forth the stable and everlasting. So Glicenstein, being a resident of no-man's land, was forced to develop another medium of expression.

Glicenstein is unsurpassed as a master of the living line, the single nerve-vibrating line imbued with the depth and mystery of existence. Many artists have a dead mechanical line, which is cold, empty, and meaningless. They attempt to hide their emptiness with artificial colors and forms, endeavoring to enrich their fundamental art-poverty with literary ideas and tricky, technical innovations;

but the lack of the life mystery in their work is apparent.

Glicenstein's line is filled with character; his whole personality is concentrated in it. All his knowledge, hopes, aspirations, and ambitions are revealed in his powerful line. Not only does he express the individual and the intimate, but behind it is the social personality of his people. It is as flexible and rich in variation as their suffering and endurance amongst the nations of the world. With his living line, the artist can recreate the world; and in Glicenstein is reflected the world of his people.

IV

If there is a modern Jewish national art, Glicenstein certainly is its father. Because his vision was organic, it revealed the characteristic peculiarities of his people. His creations are stamped with their particular physiognomy and psychology. Even his animals seem to have a Jewish expression and mood.

Let us take for example the double vision portrait of a Yiddish poet. With a few eye-arresting lines he has eternalized the character of a Yiddish poet. He not only saw him as an artist, but as if a God seemed to look through him. He penetrated the recesses of his soul, stole the hidden secrets of his heart, and expressed them with such realistic brutality that one can only stand and marvel.

At first it shocks, then it repels, but it lingers in the memory more persistently than a living being. Why? Because it is genuine, full of the contradictions and mysteries of a living character. He shows that the poet has the wolfishness, the hunger of the beast, the remains of the primitive animal in him; the lust for destruction, the degenerate, filled with sickness and poison, eternally in conflict with his reason; and the results of this frightful combat: the distorted features, the sinful lines in the face, and the taut

convulsive look of one wrangling with death.

Next to this horrible picture is the artist's high vision: the head bent in heavy sorrow, the eyes directed inwardly; an almost epileptic vision, seeing his own suffering, knowing his blind contradictions: lying while aspiring to truth, practising ugliness while striving for beauty, sickly egotistical and reaching for the ideal, moreover, understanding all this, knowing the shameful lie, yet helpless to change.

The artist succeeded in portraying the atavistic man and the prophet, the traitor to himself and others and the dreamer Messiah: a tragic monster—a crucified soul hanging between two mysterious eternities.

This unpretentious portrait is certainly an incomparable piece of work. No other living artist could have done it so well. It speaks to us with the seal of eternity. Even Toulouse-Lautrec could not have made it. Lautrec would have been satirical and cynical, while Glicenstein is lyric and tragic. The great French artist would also have been psychologically unable to express the broken Jewish personality—torn between the ethical ideal and ruthless reality.

In his later years the old artist gave free play to his creative imagination and made a series of needlepoint masks. They are interesting in their original conception and subjective expression. Some give pure rhythmic beauty of movement. Others are grotesque, visualizing various moods, giving expression to capricious imaginings. One of them lingers in the mind like a sad dream. It represents Christ hanging, not on a cross, but hanging between heaven and earth, as though crucified by life itself.

In 1934 I met Glicenstein in New York. He showed me some of the portraits he had made of Jewish journalists. Some of them were marvelous achievements in draftsmanship, composition, and interpre-

tation of character. But he told me that the wife of one of the journalists did not like his portrait, saying that it did not look like her husband.

"I had to study and work over fifty years in order that an ignorant woman should become my critic. Oh, well, she probably has never seen an original painting. Her kind are reproductions or chromos direct from Woolworth's."

We walked around New York, looking at the big houses of the city. He said, "Nothing will remain of these tasteless buildings. They are made only for business, mechanical things without a soul or human ideal. . . . The Greeks built their homes and temples for eternity, and they still inspire us. After thousands of years we dream their dreams. Our imagination is stirred when looking at their ruins . . ."

Suddenly the professor stopped, gazing at an old man with a face deeply plowed by the years.

"What a wonderful head to paint," he said with enthusiasm.

When we came to the Manhattan Bridge he paused and remarked that he would like to do the bridge on canvas. I suggested that we go into some of the offices and ask permission to paint from there. But the cold, dry business man, seeing no profit, refused.

It was about this time that the professor made a few pen and ink drawings for my book, *Dust Around the Lamp*, one being a wonderful drawing of a crucified man. But when I asked him to make my heroine beautiful, he said, "No woman is beautiful. They are all alike."

I asked him what he meant, but he kept on repeating:

"All women are ugly . . . they are only sexually attractive . . . otherwise they are all the same . . . they are not beautiful . . . all of them are made up with the same banal color . . . there is not a natural woman to be found."

I argued, "Just the same, professor, some women are charming with the make-

up, while others again, are not, especially those who are young. You yourself have painted beautiful women."

But he held to his opinion that all women are ugly.

A few days later we met in one of the New York literary cafes, and again I brought up the subject. Just then a beautiful actress came in. I insisted that some women hypnotize with their radiant faces and the rhythmical movement of their bodies.

"Oh," he cried, "I am not interested in women any more . . . they do not even look at me . . . I am old and gray."

I at last understood and reminded myself of the gossip about him when he was young. In Poland he had seen a beautiful peasant girl. He ran after her, asked her to pose for him. She refused, but he did not leave her until he persuaded her to visit his studio, where he made a drawing of her. When the girl went home she told what had happened to her. Her brothers became so enraged that they forced their way into the studio, and broke not only the statues but also his bones.

Although the professor was aged, yet he was not gloomy or downhearted. He was alert, cheerful, enthusiastic about new enterprises and still full of ambition. He sometimes wrote poems and tried to make speeches. He was cheerful and took things with a smile. When one asked, "How are you, professor?"

"Oh, God lives"—smiling with one eye, then adding "and we suffer."

But he did not allow himself to suffer much. He was physically healthy and energetic. He worked long hours and enjoyed his work. He was always planning something new, rich in schemes. When his schemes were not realized he would

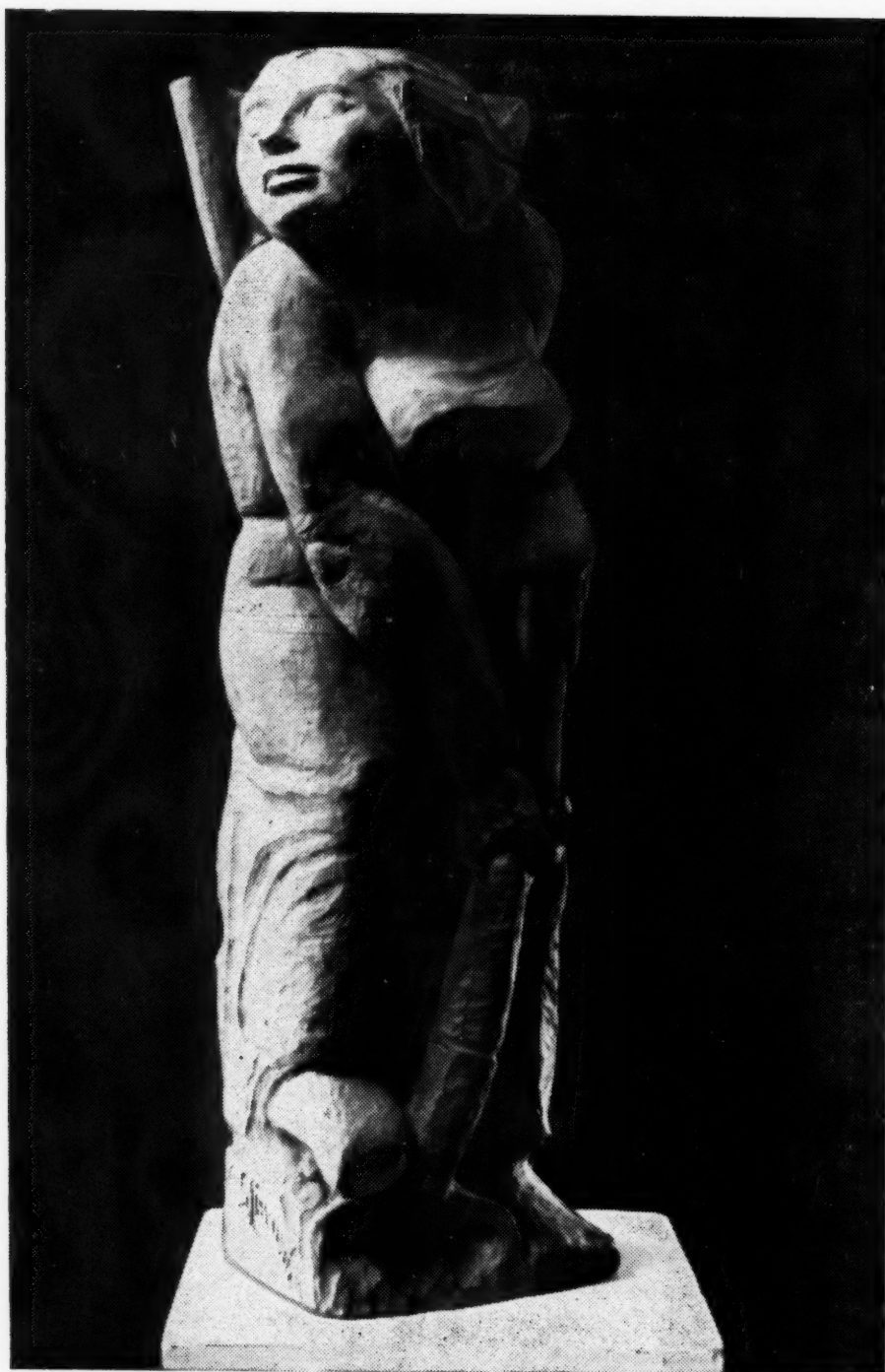
become nervous and excited. For a while the world looked empty to him and he wandered around in search of something.

In 1935, announcements were mailed to some Chicagoans that a priest would deliver a sermon on the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the same program, an artist would speak on Professor Enrico Glicenstein. During the evening, the professor was knighted by the Italian Government. The aged artist took the ceremony quite seriously, although it was more a tragicomedy which symbolized the lonely artist's life. The following night, he repeated to me the entire speech he had delivered in behalf of his knight-hood. At last he was adorned with an official medal. It was pathetic, inspiring more sympathy than irony.

The shadow of inferiority began to creep on him like a worm. The prince artist began to feel like a beggar unwanted, neglected, without a home, a studio, a family. What happened to his dreams, his hopes, all his strivings? Was this the reward for his ideal aspirations and work of a life time? In certain moods he felt belittled and deserted, a beggar amongst beggars . . . in a cold world. He wanted to warm himself with an official medal.

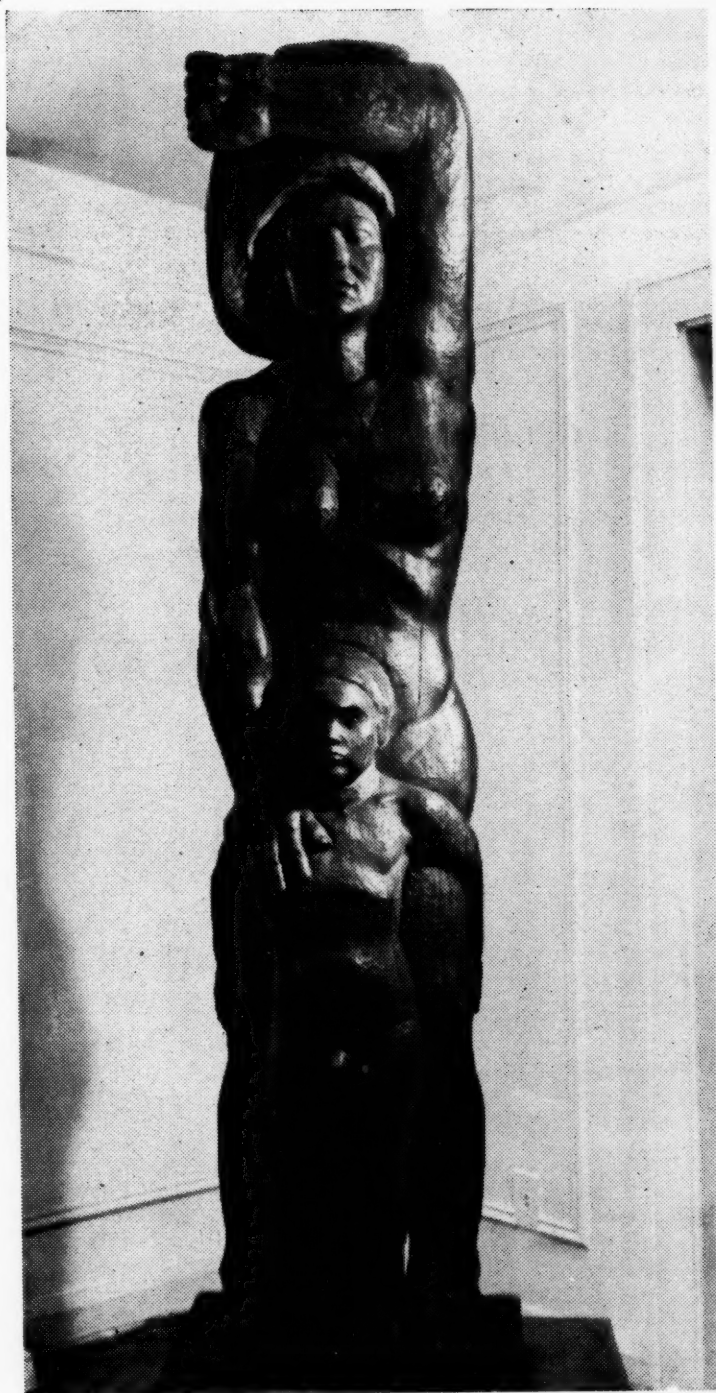
He did not realize that a crown must be put on from above, and that the throne beneath must be supported by a pyramid of lies. He should have known that if a man has an original mind, he does not need a crown for his head. Only tyrants must be masked with glittering play-things. For the great creative personality a crown is an incumbrance.

Thus Professor Glicenstein did not quite reach the height of a world personality. He was only a world artist.



The Pioneer Woman

ENRICO GLICENSTEIN



American Mahogany

ENRICO GLICENSTEIN

The Cleveland Inter-Cultural Library

By DAVID APPEL

ON THE FRINGE of one of industrial Cleveland's busiest factory districts a symbolic experiment in democracy is taking place. There in an unassuming triangular little red brick building, hidden by a banking office and flanked by busy thoroughfares, has been launched without much fanfare a new and practical undertaking in inter-racial understanding and inter-cultural good will. This is the Intercultural Library of Cleveland, an unique demonstration that there can be sincere co-operation among diverse nationalities if there is unity of purpose.

It is particularly significant that such a project as this should be born in Cleveland with its population of many peoples, for Cleveland, while it is a city of cosmopolitan interests is cut into nationality segments that are often too sharply defined. Because it is dedicated to the honest interchange of ideas so necessary to the true democratic way, Cleveland's Intercultural Library deserves the national attention which it is certain to attract; because it represents in itself a tangible and workable means by which Jews, as well as other racial and national groups, can act on common ground without suspicion and free of prejudice, it is of particular importance to the Jewish people of America. It is in recognition of these values that the participation of Cleveland Jewry in the Intercultural Library project has now become recognized as one of the major interests of the Cleveland Jewish Community Council, nerve-center of organized Jewish activities in the nation's Sixth City.

Cleveland is anxious to spread the word about its unusual library, for it believes that here, in a very real sense, is a light and a cornerstone. The idea for the project was originally the dream of a Cleveland girl who learned to speak Slovenian before she ever heard a word of English. She is Miss Irma Kalan, now executive secretary of the Intercultural Library. When the present war suddenly emerged from the *sitzkrieg* to the *blitzkrieg* stage and the Nazi locusts settled over the European continent, Miss Kalan feared that much of what had been the treasured cultural heritage of centuries would most certainly be destroyed in the holocaust and its aftermath. There is no room for such things as folk art in the credo of the New Order. Moreover, libraries are tantamount to freedom of thought and as such are anathema to the Greater Reich.

In Cleveland, in the homes of the thousands who had come from the Old Country, were rich stores of folk arts and crafts, fine libraries of foreign language books. These might very well become the last vestiges of a war-crushed civilization. There should be some way of preserving these threatened cultures, many already in total eclipse, if only for those who would some day find peace in which to rebuild their shattered homelands. Why not establish in Cleveland, where so many European nationalities were actively represented, a catalogue of such art items and books owned by Cleveland residents. Such a catalogue might be assembled by the Cleveland Public Library, which was well-qualified for the under-

taking. That was Miss Kalan's original idea.

Fired with enthusiasm, and anxious to see something started as soon as possible, Miss Kalan presented the catalogue idea to Clarence A. Metcalf, librarian of the Cleveland Public Library, where she was employed. Mr. Metcalf, immediately recognizing the possibilities in the plan, expanded the catalogue idea into a full-bodied program for a nationalities museum, a cultural treasure house, where folk art might be placed on display for people of all groups to enjoy. In this simple way there might arise in cosmopolitan Cleveland a better appreciation of the folkways of all nationalities and out of that appreciation a deeper understanding. Guaranteed full protection by the library, certainly there would be enough objects available on loan from private individuals and organizations to make up an impressive collection.

There was no unanimity in the library itself on the feasibility of the plan. Would the various groups work together? Would deep-rooted prejudices be forgotten? On what basis should the different nationalities be included? After all, wasn't a library supposed to deal in books and not in museum pieces? Why not have some museum take on the project? How could the undertaking be fashioned into a genuine contribution to the library idea and to the community? Was the whole business merely wishful thinking that would fold up under actual test? As the problems were discussed and the idea grew in stature it became increasingly apparent that such an undertaking would demand a complete building to itself where there would be not only displays but a well-rounded book collection, an auditorium, research rooms, and, in fact, all the facilities of a modern social center.

Fortunately the Cleveland Public Library system had an abandoned building available and with a small investment the

structure could be renovated and fitted out into an ideal home for the project. Moreover, the library had on its staff the ideal man to settle the ticklish problems that would inevitably arise. He was Mr. Frank T. Suhadolnik, whose work with nationality groups had aroused widespread interest in Cleveland.

Mr. Suhadolnik, a native Clevelander, was the son of immigrant parents. His cultural interests were active and broad. He had taught in Cleveland high schools, he had studied art and music, and had edited a weekly nationality journal. For eleven years he was librarian at John Carroll University and since September, 1941, had been librarian of the Norwood Branch of the Cleveland Public Library system, a neighborhood library located in one of Cleveland's foreign sections. He had built up an excellent inventory of Slovenian and Croatian books, many of these rescued from salvage heaps. Through his efforts the Norwood branch had become the depository for Slovenian and Croatian books of the Cleveland Library System and first-class source for those seeking special information about immigrant groups and problems. Here then was the building and the man; now how best assemble the library material so that all groups would share equally in the organization and direction of the project?

A period of consultation with various persons identified with main nationality groups brought forth encouraging expressions of enthusiasm for the idea and concrete pledges of help. Miss Kalan tackled the job of assembling nationality committees. Initial problems of political, cultural and lingual background had to be wrestled with and settled. As each group met for the first time Mr. Metcalf explained the idea in detail and led the subsequent discussion until the committee was ready to organize itself. Though some of the nationality representatives came to those

original meetings with skepticism, some with curiosity, every one went away fired with the idea and its possibilities.

At first it was believed that, based on importance in numbers and contribution to the building of Cleveland itself, 24 groups would be represented in the Intercultural Library, but the final figure was 41 groups. From March 20, 1942 until February 5, 1943 a total of 87 organizational meetings were held. Some committees volunteered to raise money to help the project, but it was constantly emphasized that what the library wanted was co-operation, not funds. Immediately books and art objects began to pour in, almost before there was a safe place to store them. The experiment was under way.

The executive organization of the Intercultural Library is simple and democratic. Each group's committee is responsible for its display and its part in the library program. It is the liaison unit between the library and the nationality group. The chairmen of all committees make up the Intercultural Library Council which is the policy making body. Mr. Suhadolnik is librarian and Miss Kalan secretary.

The physical aspects of the library raised peculiar problems. At first it was planned to devote individual booths to the different groups but this idea was rejected because booths meant separation. Such an arrangement was contrary to the basic theme of the project. Finally a plan of continuous alcoves, with uniform display equipment, was worked out for the main floor so that all groups would have equal prominence. Each alcove includes a locked book case, a wall case and a museum case. The second floor of the building has been completely remodeled with the center of attraction a redecorated auditorium containing a large stage that can easily accommodate plays, dance festivals, or concerts. Each nationality program carries with it an invitation to all groups to come as guests.

In addition to entertainment facilities the second floor also contains a research library and executive offices. In the basement additional room for recreation has been provided as well as a fully-equipped modern kitchen where folk foods may be prepared.

The initial Jewish display in the Intercultural Library emphasized the part Jews have played in building the American democracy. Featured were the story of Haym Solomon, Washington's letter to the Newport synagogue, Emma Lazarus' poem to the Statue of Liberty, and other items out of American history that have a Jewish aspect. A companion exhibit stressed the significance of the Purim-Pesach season and its basic theme of human freedom.

Already the Intercultural Library has begun to function as a laboratory for history and sociology. School groups have come in a body to study the cultural wealth of the people who live next door, on the next street, or on the other side of town. They are learning much about their fellow Americans. It is the kind of knowledge that will make them better citizens.

Artists and craftsmen have found in the library an excellent source for the study of design and pattern. The library has received numerous requests for courses in foreign languages not included in the curricula of Cleveland schools and colleges. Plans are being formulated for recording folk music unavailable on commercial records and for microfilming precious documents. And the work of the library has only just begun. In the Intercultural Library, Cleveland's nationality groups have laid a cornerstone in the foundation of mutual understanding upon which the world will have to be rebuilt. Cleveland Jews have been happy and eager to participate in this effort, for in it they see a light that even in the darkness of a World War points the way to a better and brighter future.

Religion and the Soviet Union

By JOSEPH F. FLETCHER

THE REAL PICTURE of religion in the Soviet Union is complicated not only by the bitterness of controversy but by the wealth of contradictory evidence. Unfortunately, most of the accounts of religion in the Soviet Union have been written by *émigrés* whose hostility towards the Soviet Union renders their testimony suspect, or else by apologists eager to justify every act of the Soviet Government. It is not difficult for partisans to make out an amply documented case, depicting the new Russia either as an ecclesiastical paradise or as a religious purgatory. The Soviet Union is so vast in extent, so varied in racial and religious composition, the tempo of revolution has been so uneven, that a judicious selection of isolated instances from different places and different years can be made to prove almost any line of argument.

I. The Present Situation

According to official figures released in August, 1941, there are in the Soviet Union 30,000 religious associations. The number of licensed places of worship is given as 8,338, with 58,442 ministers. This shows that most associations use private premises for their cult. There are: 4,225 Orthodox churches with 37 monasteries, served by 5,665 priests and 3,100 deacons; about 1,000 Evangelical churches; 1,744 Catholic churches with 2,309 priests (the inclusion of the Baltic republics with their Uniates and others accounts for this large number); 1,011 synagogues with 2,559 rabbis, and 1,312 mosques (no figure on mullahs). The Orthodox Church seems still quite strong among the industrial workers of Great Russia. There are 346

parishes in the Yaroslavl district, 225 in the Moscow district, and 187 in the Ivanovo district.

These statistics do not give a complete picture of the strength of religion in the Soviet Union. It is impossible as yet to prepare anything like reliable statistics on the innumerable Moslem and oriental movements in Soviet Asia and the Transcaucasus. The figures above are also exclusive of the Armenian and Georgian Republics where religion is very flourishing. It is important to note, further, that each association represents at least 20 persons, the *dvadsatka* or "vestry" which is legally responsible for maintaining the building in congregational use. Without a doubt there are untold groups worshipping regularly who have feared to register themselves or have felt it prudent not to, in the absence of any pressure. The rank and file joined to those "associations" in one degree or another is certainly half of the total population. Professor Nikolsky frankly said as much in *Bezbozhnik* for June 21, 1940.

Informal questionnaires circulated among the Tula Arsenal and Rykoff Factory workers as far back as 1936 showed that at Tula 33% were not interested in religion, 40% returned blanks, and 27% occasionally attended places of worship. At the Rykoff Factory 39% were believers, 16% were uncertain, 22% returned blanks, and 23% declared themselves unbelievers. Among collective farmers and in small towns the percentage of believers would undoubtedly be higher than in important factories like Tula and Rykoff where the number of Communists is highest in the social pattern.

The signs of religious revival in Russia have been very numerous since 1939 but especially so since the war started. The war, of course, with its threat to the Soviet Union's national existence, has dwarfed many former "questions" including the religious one. Indeed, it would appear that the war has served to remind both the State and the churches that in spite of differences they share at bottom a common love for their people and their independence. Pastoral letters calling for complete unity in the face of the Nazi terror and its demonic philosophy have been issued by the Acting Patriarch Sergei, of the Holy Russian Orthodox Church, the Metropolitan Alexander of the Renewed Orthodox or "Living Church" group; Karev, head of the All-Union Council of Evangelists and Baptists; Preacher Gregorev, head of the All-Union Council of Adventists; the Mufti Rassulev, leader of the Moslems of the U.S.S.R.; Archbishop Charekchan of the Armenian-Georgian Church; the Vilna Rabbinical Council; and others.

We are in possession now of a new book from the Soviet Union, a symposium of religious leaders there, *Pravda o Religii v Rossii* (The Truth about Religion in Russia), which will soon be translated and available to American readers. There could be no more stirring evidence of religious leadership and the social conscience of churchmen than is found in the pages of these essays. It was published by the Patriarchate at Moscow in July, 1942, as an official statement of Soviet churchmen.

The appointment of the Metropolitan Nicholai to the State Commission on War-time Atrocities is more than a straw in the wind. It reveals a closer understanding between the secular power and religious forces; an increasing willingness to work together. Evidence of the same sort is found in the active role played by churches in *Osoaviakhim* (the civilian defense program). They are centers of gift

collections for the Red Army; they collect funds for defense and conduct special services of blessing for soldiers departing for the front.

There have been many instances in which ministers of religion are on active service with guerrilla units as well as in the regular forces. (There is no general exemption from military service for the clergy, it being left up to each individual to register as a conscientious objector if he is so minded. An amusing aspect comes to attention in this connection; if a "C.O." rests his objections on grounds of religious belief he is asked what position his confessional body took on military service under the Tzars. Thus the Orthodox in such cases find themselves quickly under arms; Mennonites, Quakers and certain others are given non-combatant tasks!) According to a letter to the Bishop of Fulham from Moscow, Orthodox priests are allowed to serve in the ranks of the Red Army as unofficial chaplains (as was customary in the French Army from 1906).

A good test of the Soviet Government's attitude toward religion is seen in the policy adopted in the new war-time Republics of the Baltic and Moldavia-Ruthenia. The religious sentiments of the population have been respected, although certain elements already infected with Nazi inclinations have sought to distort the truth. In Soviet Lithuania a number of ministers were arrested, not because they were clergymen but because they were charged with being Nazi agents. To put it on a basis of mere anti-religion would be to deny the Soviet authorities all common sense in the Baltic program, and to charge them with a stupid violation of their own policy of respecting the people's sentiments; their record completely refutes such prejudiced interpretations. There is no more revealing study than a comparison of the Soviet and Nazi methods of dealing with religion in the war-torn areas!

In the winter of 1939 Cardinal Hlond,

reporting to the Vatican on the state of the Church in Poland, favorably contrasted the Soviet with the Nazi treatment of religion. In Nazi-occupied Poland sermons and confession in Polish were forbidden, priests were imprisoned by hundreds; whereas under the Soviets, though education was secularized, priests and nuns were still permitted to teach in class rooms where the crucifix was flanked by portraits of Stalin and Lenin, and no obstacles were placed in the way of religious observances.

In Lithuania, in August, 1940, nearly a year before the Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union and when relations with England and the United States were at their worst, the Soviet Government of Lithuania published this decision: "Taking into consideration the sentiments of the peasants who are religiously inclined, in amendment of the previous decision, it is decreed: In each parish from the glebe belonging to the Roman Catholic clergy, officiating at the altar, where there are such priests at this time, the rector and canonically appointed priests are granted for their use three hectares of land each . . . clerical persons having private land at present are considered as peasants and they are entitled to the peasant norm of land."

This decree is significant in that it goes far beyond a granting of religious freedom by offering what in effect is state support of religion; while the clergy, instead of being classed among social enemies as in the early days of the Soviet Union, are grouped with the friendly class of peasants. Thus in areas that recently came under the Soviet control there was no repetition of the violence on both sides which left such a legacy of bitterness in Russia proper. In May, 1942, the Catholic bishop, Joseph Golowina, was invited to come to the Soviet Union and commission army chaplains for Polish troops fighting on Soviet soil.

These developments are easing the at-

titudes and tensions of Russian churchmen abroad. Some, of course, remain irreconcilable and (in the case of *émigrés* of the type of the Karlowitz Synod) even collaborate with the Nazis. Many false stories are spread by them, such as the one that Bolsheviks shot Bishop Andrew Ukhtomsky as he stood by a railway, whereas in fact he continued in good health in the position of *Emparch!* Bishop Vitaly is accused of releasing a similarly false report about Archbishop Ostrozhsy Simon of Byelo-Russia. As the Metropolitan Sergei says of such stories, it means that one cannot always rely on the pious proverb, "A lie is a horse to safety."

But there is encouragement in the news that many Churchmen abroad are resisting the Nazis. It is said that the Metropolitan Chrysanth of Athens and the Patriarch of Serbia Gravril were removed, and that the Bulgarian Metropolitan Stephan and others have fallen into the bad graces of the fascist overlords. The Church in the Soviet Union has received telegrams from their Excellencies the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch expressing fellowship and solidarity in the struggle against the Axis invaders.

In the United States both Metropolitans, Theophilus and Benjamin, have called upon their constituents to pray for Russian unity. Eulogius in Paris had the courage in May, 1942, peremptorily to reject all Nazi demands for support of the anti-communist crusade.

Obviously intended to contradict German propaganda, which seeks to spread the idea that churches in Russia and abroad welcome the Nazi "saviors of Christian civilization," the Ordinary of the Serbian diocese in America, Bishop Dionisios, has conveyed his feelings to the Soviet Ambassador in Washington in these words: "We follow with pride the heroic struggle of the Russian people against the Antichrist, and pray for the victory of Russian Arms."

II. Prospects for Peace

In predicting the future of religion in the Soviet Union, two apparently opposed sets of facts must be appraised. It is a good example of those "contradictions" which are dear to Marxian theoreticians and so distasteful to other schools of thought. One set of facts relates to Marxist doctrine which is uncompromisingly opposed to a theistic view of history; the other set of facts relate to Soviet practice, which has changed, is changing, and may continue to change in favor of religion.

"Soviet culture is built upon contradictions. It uses, quite consciously, the principle of the arch, opposing thrust to thrust. Ambiguities, antinomies, contradictions, paradoxes confront the observer of the U.S.S.R. at every turn. Some are no more than discrepancies between ideal and practice common in all human affairs; some contrasts are only apparent, easily explainable; but some reach to the foundations, and rise out of Marxist dualism, though not to my mind always resolved by the dialectical principle. Whatever the details of explanation, Soviet civilization is thoroughly paradoxical because it is very much alive."

It is time that Christians and Jews in other lands joined their fellow Christians and Jews of the Soviet Union in forgiving and forgetting an unhealthy legacy of violence, controversy, and animus for which religion was by no means free from blame.

A statement made by the Metropolitan Sergei in 1927, when he professed his complete loyalty to the Soviet Government, defines the true area of conflict between religion and the Soviet Union. That area of conflict is in the realm of ideas, not of institutions. Sergei asserted: "Let us be sincere to the end. We cannot be silent about the contradiction which exists between the Orthodox and the Communist Bolsheviks who govern our union. They set as their purpose, strug-

gle with God and His power in the hearts of the people. We on our part see the whole sense and goal of our existence in confession of faith in God and strengthening the faith in the hearts of the people. They recognize only the materialistic interpretation of history, and we believe in the Providence of God."

The Communists seem equally anxious to be "sincere to the end" without betraying any lack of faith in their views by the forcible suppression of Christian belief. Thus in their "Agitator's Handbook" (*Sputnik Agitora*) we find: "No matter how churchmen and sectarians greet and praise the Soviet power, no matter how they try to 'adjust' their 'gods' to Communism, the essence of religious activity is profoundly reactionary and at its roots inimical to socialism."

This flat statement seems somewhat harsh treatment of many devout religious leaders who have shown themselves true friends of the Soviet Union; it would seem (on a surface view) to justify the skepticism which anti-Soviet clerics show. But actually it brings the controversy to precisely the level where every genuinely religious person wants it. This is the level at which they expect themselves to be judged, for "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in Heaven" (Matthew 7.21).

It is a clear grasp of this truth that the conflict of religion and Communism is in the realm of a faith for men's souls, and not in the realm of politics or institutions, that enables Russian churchmen to pray with complete consistency and sincerity for a speedy triumph of the Red Armies and the Soviet Union. Grasp of this truth likewise enables American believers to advocate with a perfectly clear conscience the giving of all aid to the Soviet Union in its magnificent struggle against Hitler. To cherish the animosities of the past, to hang on to the evil memory of times of

revolution and counter-revolution, is unworthy of the religious spirit.

Christians must remember that in its long history the Church has functioned within many different economic and political frameworks. Originally the Church was established in the Roman order whose economic system was slovenly and whose political system was imperialism. In the Middle Ages it became adjusted, though not without tragic struggles, to feudalism. At the Reformation, after bitter and bloody conflict, the Christian churches became adapted to the economy of capitalism and the political form of the National State. It is, therefore, the suggestion of history, supported by a discernible trend in the last decade or more, that the churches of Russia can also be at home in a socialist society under a Soviet Government. We find much evidence, of an impressive character, that this is happening under the Revolutionary government of the Soviet Union just as much as it is (in a significantly parallel set-up so far as religion is concerned) under the Revolution of Mexico!

Dr. Walter Van Kirk once said, "Organized religion in the land of the Soviets is on the way out." There is very little reason by this time to take such a pessimistic view. On the contrary, there is every reason to hope for the future of organized religion in Russia, as well as its deepening and strengthening through the period of its suffering and its release at last from spiritually debilitating temporal powers and privileges. Those Christians who believe in the "indefectability" of the Church, that it is the Holy Spirit which is its life, will watch with fascination the next stages of Russian Christianity where it stands entirely on its own feet and seeds itself solely by its own merits!

"The satisfaction offered by religion can be found by men in the social passions engendered by devotion to a cause," said Rousseau. Certainly this is true of

the leaders of Communism. It was no Church or sacraments that inspired and sustained them in the long years of struggle. Socialism and the Revolution were the be-all and the end-all of their lives.

Feeling no need of religion in themselves the Communists saw no need of it in others. Give man the vision of a new world without poverty and oppression. Let him lose himself completely in the struggle to achieve it. Thus may one find the true meaning of the good life.

That this is the experience of multitudes, particularly the youth, there can be no gainsaying. The idea of Communism captures the imagination of millions. From the lives of the saints they turn to the heroes of the Revolution, who, for their convictions, unflinchingly endured prison, exile, torture, and death. In the Red Army Museum at Moscow a gallery of photographs shows the fate that Communists have suffered.

In every realm the appeals and ministrations of the churches are being supplanted by those of Communism. "Thrice is a man wonderful," says the Russian proverb, "at birth, marriage, and death." As the Church sought to make personal events significant with its ceremonies, so have the Communists with their Red Christenings, Red Marriages, and Red Funerals. There is much criticism as to the inadequacy of these ceremonies and the conduct of them. They are not as dramatic or solemn or festive as the occasions call for. There is often keen competition between the new forms and the old. For example, when a citizen dies his anti-religious friends will urge the factory band to hurry to his house before the priest can get there!

The question arises whether Communism is itself a religion. The Communists scornfully disavow all attempts to call their movement religious. They reject the supernatural and spurn every theory that explains life and society in terms of the creative activity of any outside spiritual

power, whether it be personal deity or abstract idea. It is probably wise, for the sake both of clarity and definition, to accept their own description of their position. Certainly religion, for most people, is something more than a feeling or "attitude" or values.

With the passage of time and the healing of wounds, and now that organized Fascism has taught men of good will that the Soviet Union is a champion of the democratic future, we will all (Communist and religionist alike) show greater willingness to examine our differences objectively, more calmly. Unquestionably much of the friction of the past has been a mutual ignorance as much as a mutual difference. On the non-Communist side of this necessary process we are much interested in a recent decision of the school authority of the London County Council to include in its official reading list in the field of civics such books as the Dean of Canterbury's *The Soviet Power*, Joseph Stalin's *Leninism*, and several of the essays of Marx and Lenin.

As we see it, the most significant conclusion which may be drawn from the record of religion and the Soviet Union is that relations are better than they were (much better), and not worse; and that the trend is definitely in the direction of *laissez-faire* ("live and let live"), if not *rapprochement* as the Patriarch of Georgia believes.

It is possible, especially among those who are friends of the Soviet Union in other respects, to exaggerate this development. A good illustration is the satisfaction with which a widespread news story of the Harriman mission was greeted. A correspondent wired that at a banquet marking the end of the mission Premier Stalin asked its members to carry a message of God-blessing to President Roosevelt. Without any knowledge of the Russian tongue an American needs only

to ask himself how many people still mean "God be with you" when they say "good-bye"!

Nevertheless, the peoples of the western democracies and the peoples of the Soviet Union are being welded together, in the forge of one of history's supreme moments, in a closer fellowship than ever before. We all understand, as the Archbishop of Canterbury (Lang) said in 1941, "The victory of the Nazi power would destroy any kind of tolerable form of human government." We hope with him that "Russia's defense of its own land and the new unity which it will bring may lead to a new tolerance of religion by the Soviet Government." We add our heartiest amen to his injunction that "We must therefore wish every success to the valiant Russian armies and people in their struggle and be ready to give them every possible help."

There are fundamental values which we all share with the peoples of the Soviet Union. Our love of freedom and our demand for integrity are of this order. There are many more. We can see them in the common bonds established by the literary insights of a novel by Sholokhov about the Don folk, or a symphony by Shostakovich, or the freely shared findings of Soviet agronomists in the culture of a *sagyz* rubber substitute.

The new Russia is only just launched. As a socialist society developing one-sixth of the world's land surface, the Soviet Union is, like the United States after her Revolution, a pioneer land. Her expansion will be Eastward, as ours was Westward. Hers are wide horizons, as ours are wide. And with her pioneering energies in even fuller course, her own way of life too will widen and deepen as ours did, to embrace and nurture the full measure of man's searching and of his conviction.

This is the ground of faith and hope for religion in the Soviet Union.

A Treasury of Jewish Books

By PAULINE ROSENBERG

THROUGHOUT THE AGES Jews have cherished books as their most precious treasures. In the Middle Ages we find not only in the words of scholars and sages but also in the folk literature—in the sayings of the people themselves—many admonitions to honor books. Books are to be treated with reverence and guarded carefully. But they are also to be used.

Before the days of printing it was held to be the duty of scholars to make copies of the holy books and to lend them to those who could not afford to buy books. According to one of the old sayings, one must not refuse to lend books out of fear that the writing may become obliterated. Better that the writing should be obliterated than that the books should lie unused.

In collecting books, to choose them carefully with regard to clear and beautiful script and good binding, to keep these books in order and to list them according to subjects so that the right book could readily be found when needed, and to make the books available to as many people as possible—these were guiding principles first set forth hundreds of years ago.

The Jewish ideal of learning has always been a universal and democratic one. Reading is not only for scholars and specialists, but for all. Books are the heritage of all the people. And not alone of the Jewish people. The Bible is the supreme example, but by no means the only example, of Jewish books that have become a part of world literature.

This same ideal some twenty years ago led the Chicago Board of Jewish Education and the College of Jewish Studies

to deposit in a building in Chicago's Loop district a meager store of books which formed the nucleus of what is now one of the leading Jewish libraries in the Middle West.

The founders envisioned a library which, while distinctly Jewish, was to serve non-Jews as well as Jews. A scholarly library, it was to be not for scholars alone, but for laymen as well. Centrally located, within reach of all parts of the city, it was designed to play a part in the cultural activities of the community as a whole. Today that dream is beginning to be realized.

For some time growth was slow. In 1940 the library consisted of about 5,000 volumes. In less than three years since that time the number has increased more than threefold—to 16,000 volumes. At the same time new means have been worked out for increasing the library's service to an ever-widening circle of students and readers.

The growth has come about largely through three recent acquisitions. First among these was the library of the late Professor Jacob Mann, Professor of Medieval Literature and History at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. This library of about 4,000 volumes is particularly rich in the classics of Jewish literature. It includes also many works on the history and geography of Palestine, a great amount of bibliographical material, and complete sets of the important scientific Jewish journals and magazines, both of earlier times and of today. Among the treasures in this collection are Hebrew books printed in Italy in the sixteenth century. Such, for example, is the *Sefer*

Bar Seshet of the famous fourteenth-century Spanish Talmudist, Isaac Ben Sheshet. This book was one of the first products of the *Riva di Trento* press. The press was founded in 1558 in the city of Trent by a Jewish physician, Jacob Marcaria, under the patronage of Cardinal Christopher Maduzzi. The name of the patron on the title page is evidence of the interest which Christian scholars of that period took in Jewish learning. Noteworthy, too, are early oriental prints from Salonica and Constantinople. Rarest of all, perhaps, is a remarkable collection of works by and on the Karaites, that Jewish sect which was founded in Babylonia in the eighth century and which accepts only the authority of the Bible, rejecting the Talmud and other post-Biblical writings.

The second acquisition was the gift by Mrs. William H. Sahud of the library of her father, the late Abraham B. Rhine of Hot Springs, Arkansas, noted as a historian and literary critic. This library of about 4,500 volumes represents a cross section of modern Jewish literature in all languages. The renaissance of Hebrew literature in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is especially well represented. Included also are a special collection of Hebrew poetry of all ages in original editions, sets of the most important modern Hebrew magazines, and all the important new publications in the Jewish field.

The third gift was the carefully selected library of the late Rabbi Joseph Stolz of Chicago, consisting of about 1800 books on Jewish theology and religion, the general history of religion, early works on the Jewish Reform Movement, and the history of Jews in America, particularly in Chicago. Most of the books which tell of the life of the Jews in the days when Chicago was young are written in German, for that was the language of those early Jewish settlers.

Among the interesting books in this collection is a diminutive Jewish pocket prayer book that was printed in Bavaria in 1842. As the title page tells, this was

especially designed for "those who travel to America by land and sea." Since even a small regular prayer book was too big for the immigrants' luggage, these miniature prayer books were printed for them. Only two other copies are known of this extremely rare edition.

The Library of the College of Jewish Studies is readily accessible because of its central location in the heart of Chicago's Loop. Many business and professional men and women who would be interested are still unaware that such a convenient place for reading and study is within only a few blocks of their offices, but more and more such men and women are finding their way to this library and using it as a source of information as well as a place where they can put odd bits of time to good use. The College of Jewish Studies is located at 220 S. State Street, Chicago.

The library is accessible in another sense also. It has produced a key which makes available not only its own resources, but also other books on Jewish subjects throughout the Chicago metropolitan area. Under the direction of Dr. Fritz Bamberger, Professor of Jewish philosophy and sociology and librarian of the College of Jewish Studies, a union catalogue has been made covering books of Jewish interest in the sixteen most important libraries in the Chicago area. This work was made possible through the aid of a WPA grant and through the co-operation of the libraries, which included the Chicago Public Library, John Crerar Library, Newberry Library, and the libraries of the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, the Hebrew Theological College, the Chicago Theological Seminary, Meadville Theological Seminary, Garrett Biblical Institute, the Jewish People's Institute, and other religious and educational institutions. From ten to eighteen persons were engaged in this project, which required two years to complete.

This union catalogue, which comprises more than 150,000 cards, serves as a key to 41,500 different titles in the various libraries. Not only can the student of Jewish lore by means of this key locate these titles, but thanks to a system of interlibrary loans he can obtain the books for his use. One of the main advantages of the catalogue is that it serves as an index to the literature of Jewish interest to be found in non-Jewish libraries, such as, for example, the libraries of the University of Chicago.

Originally it was planned to microfilm the catalogue and place a copy in each of the co-operating libraries. This will now have to wait until after the war. At present the only copy is in the library of the College of Jewish Studies. Later it is planned to expand the union catalogue to cover subjects as well as authors. Even in its present form it has won recognition among librarians. In a standard work on union catalogues published by the American Library Association it is listed as one of the most methodical of these catalogues.

The catalogue has proved its usefulness in many ways. For example, a student when working on a thesis on the re-admission of Jews into England in the seventeenth century, found it difficult to locate copies of the books of Manasseh ben Israel, who played such an important part in the movement. Through the union catalogue the very rare books were located in Newberry Library. In the same way when extra copies of Emily Solis Cohen's *Hanukkah* were needed for a

course, a list of Chicago libraries which had this book was easily compiled.

Another project now under way at the College of Jewish Studies is an index of pictorial material on Jewish subjects contained in books on the library shelves. This will be especially valuable for the teacher who is seeking visual aids.

A visit to the quarters of the library of the College of Jewish Studies will show how diverse are the types of people served there. Predominating will be regular students of the College, mostly typical young Americans ranging in age from sixteen upwards. Usually in one corner a bearded rabbi in skull cap will be seen poring over some old volume in Hebrew. Probably there will be two or three colored men or women, for the College is extremely proud of the fact that it numbers a few Negroes among its ardent students of Biblical and modern Hebrew. Scholars deeply absorbed in research mingle with readers who have dropped in to glance at current Jewish periodicals. A clubwoman may be gathering information for a paper. Sunday school teachers are likely to be at work either in the main reference room or in a special room which contains practically all recent children's books on Jewish subjects, as well as an index of plays and pictures.

Many others use the library as a bureau of information. Christian clergymen often seek answers to questions concerning the Bible. Newspapers frequently telephone to verify some statement concerning Jewish customs. The library and its services are free to all. A sincere interest is the only credential required.

BOOKS

Jews in a Gentile World: The Problem of Anti-Semitism, by Isacque Graeber and Stewart Henderson Britt, in cooperation with others. Macmillan Co., 1942. \$4.00.

Jews in a Gentile World is a symposium wherein sixteen anthropologists and sociologists, Jews and Gentiles, discuss the problem of anti-Semitism, analyze its causes, and offer suggestions as to its solution. The articles vary greatly in interest and literary skill. Some are rather stodgy case studies or analyses which employ the professional lingo of the sociologist. Others are written with greater vivacity. But all are sound, well-informed and civilized in their approach to this much debated theme. All, too, without exception are agreed that anti-Semitism is a social disease dangerous in itself and even more symptomatic in the degree of its virulence of the pathology of the society which harbors it. The reader of these various essays is both elated and depressed as he follows the historical record, for he is made to realize how deep-rooted and endemic the disease is, how difficult to control, and how all but impossible to eradicate. Yet, too, in the honest and fearless approach to the problem as evidenced in these essays is promise of betterment. Anti-Semitism is the index of the degree in which European and American nations fall short of civilization. Only as anti-Semitism ceases to exist and, like a belief in witches, becomes extinct beyond all possibility of revival, can we justly call ourselves civilized beings.

The unanimity with which anti-Semitism is diagnosed as a social disease is heartening. The explanation of it is less a matter of agreement, for it is a phenomenon recurrent in the history of western civilization over a period of two thousand years and under a great variety of political and economic conditions. The very strength and excellence of the Jews, their persistence in their faith and in their traditional culture, has been one cause of their per-

secution. Had they been weaker they would have been wholly absorbed culturally long ago and no longer be identifiable as a cultural group. That biologically they have been greatly modified since the diaspora and that the Jews of Germany, Poland, Russia and elsewhere are as different as the Gentiles of those countries seems to be the consensus of the anthropologists. In general, also, the scholars agree that the Jews of Europe and America have but a small and indeterminable strain of their original Semitic blood. The Jew, like the American, the Englishman and the race-proud Nazi German, is pretty much a mongrel and probably all the better for being so. The anthropologists have small tolerance for cults of racial purity.

However debatable the cause and obscure its history, anti-Semitism is cruel fact. The exploitation of it for political ends in Nazified Europe is a phenomenon before our eyes. We judge it rightly to be proof of the barbarism, the anti-Christian revulsion of large elements of what we were once pleased to call the "civilized world." But it is a horrifying fact that two thousand years of Christianity have had so little civilizing effect. The Teutonic peoples are, it seems, still pagan at heart, glorying in war and worshipping their heathen gods. And in other lands, ours too, are many who share their beliefs. Christian ideals and beliefs are secretly hated by many who dare not attack them openly. Often anti-Semitism affords these worshippers of cruelty, destruction and death an outlet for their savage passions. They vent these passions of course in many other ways as opportunity offers. Witness the persecutions throughout Nazi-occupied Europe. Jews are not the only sufferers. Anti-Semitism, a social evil, serves as a barometer to register the degree of barbarism and paganism measurable at any given time. Like a barometer it may serve, too, as a warning.

The contributors to *Jews in a Gentile World* point out as a hopeful sign in

American society the growing realization that anti-Semitism is indicative of destructive forces in the body politic. Specifically it is more and more generally perceived that anti-Semitism is a mark of Nazi sympathies. Many Americans mildly anti-Semitic hide their anti-Semitism lest they be revealed as believers in fascism. Perhaps this concealment is in itself a good symptom. If the disease is not eradicated it is at least less virulent and less contagious if suppressed.

What are the civilized Americans, Jews and Gentiles, to do in the face of anti-Semitism which both deplore but which both must face as a fact? It is agreed that only as all of us become more civilized, more tolerant, will anti-Semitism become ever weaker until finally, we must hope, it wholly disappears. Meanwhile, however, men of good will can do much to bring about a meeting of minds. Cultural contacts bring out in Jew and Gentile an emotional and intellectual interchange which enriches both. Each has something to learn from the other. Both, in their effort at mutual understanding, will acquire that tolerance and breadth of view, that pleasure in new ideas, which are the mark of civilized man.

C. G.

Jewish Pioneers and Patriots, by Lee M. Friedman. 430 pp. Index, Notes, Bibliography, and 17 illustrations. The Jewish Publication Society of America and The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Jews do "belong" in America! For some unknown reason, American Jewry has done little to make known its long history of participation in American life, and of the important part it has played in furthering the democratic principles on which our nation is founded. We have given the Coughlins and the Pelleys a free hand in their campaign to foster the impression that Jews have no roots in America and that we are the "strangers within the gates" in the new world, as we have been in the old for so many centuries. Lee M. Friedman, whose reputation as an authority in the field of early American history was well established with the publication of his *Early American Jews* in 1935, has given the lie to these implications. In this latest book he presents irrefutable testimony, in the vast amount of documentary evidence which he offers, that Jewish participation in American affairs dates

not only from the days of the first settlements, but from the very voyage of discovery itself. The question of whether or not Columbus was a Jew has never been definitely settled, but we do know that at least one member of his party, Luis de Torres, was of the Jewish faith. And we know, too, that it was a group of Spanish Jews who financed the expedition which led to the discovery of America, in spite of the carefully fostered fable of Queen Isabella's supposed help.

Jews did not live in segregated communities in America. They scattered far and wide, intermingling with non-Jews everywhere, and taking part in all the pioneering projects in which Americans generally were engaged. They were explorers, fur traders, gold miners, peddlers, merchants, financiers, and educators. Their history is American history.

The choice of the title *Jewish Pioneers and Patriots* is most unfortunate. It implies a formidable volume of historical data, ponderous enough to scare away all but the historically-minded readers. That the incidents in this book revolve around the activities of Jews is merely incidental, for the characters become of secondary importance and are soon lost in the wealth of documentary data and the rich prose descriptions of the various periods in American history. While no chronological order is maintained, the author manages to cover all the phases of early American life. Each of the incidents, or anecdotes, is interesting in itself, and each is historically important. Bound together into one volume, these thirty-one incidents comprise a collection of early Americana of value.

Many of the anecdotes are amusing, and typical of these is the story of Esther Brandeau who, disguised as Jacques La Fargue, arrived at the port of Quebec in 1738. The perplexity of the officials of the pious Catholic citadel can well be imagined when they discovered that not only was Jacques La Fargue a very pretty girl, but that she was a Jewess, the first of her faith to reach the French colony. The subsequent trials and tribulations of the dignified French officials in settling this delicate matter went on for several years until the episode grew to such proportions that King Louis XV himself had to render the final decision, and Esther Brandeau was returned to France.

Of a more serious nature is the dis-

closure that the good people of Boston were so aroused over the famous Damascus Affair in 1840 that they held a protest meeting in the Clarendon Street Chapel during which they passed a resolution condemning the actions of the Khedive and extended an invitation "to the suffering Jews of other nations, to come to this country, and would now particularly invite them to our city, where we presume they might do as well as in other cities in the world, though at present we have very few with us."

Zionists will be interested in the activities of Mordecai Manuel Noah who, besides being one of the most prominent Jews in American political life during the first quarter of the last century, was the first practical Zionist in America. He evolved a scheme for settling the Jews of the world in "Ararat," a colony he was attempting to establish on Grand Island in the Niagara River. The flurry of excitement which followed his announcement, and the subsequent disillusionment when the new Zion was proclaimed nothing more than a gigantic real estate project, add an interesting chapter to the history of the Zionist movement.

Noah figured in another incident in American Jewish history, for it was to him that Thomas Jefferson addressed a letter on May 28, 1818, in the course of which he discussed the persecutions to which Jews were being exposed throughout the world. In one paragraph he summarized the causes which gave rise to race hatred when he said:

Our laws have applied the only antidote to this vice, protecting our religious, as they do our civil rights, by putting all on an equal footing. But more remains to be done, for although we are free by law, we are not so in practice; public opinion erects itself into an Inquisition, and exercises its offices with as much fanaticism as fans the flames of an Auto-da-Fé.

Five chapters make up the section dealing with Jews in the economic life of America. The author sketches briefly the wide influence of Jews on the development of American trade and commerce from that day in 1674 when "Ye Jew" Rowland Gideon and his associate Barruch appeared before the Boston court "to collect from a reluctant debtor a balance of 100 pounds arising out of a tobacco

transaction," right down to the present day. Contrary to the too prevalent impression that Jews were either middlemen or bankers, the Jews of Newport were actively engaged in manufacturing sperm candles as early as 1754. Moses Lopez, Aaron Lopez, Jacob Rivera, Joseph de Lucena, Naphtali Hart, and their associates not only operated a fleet of whaling vessels which fished the Atlantic shores, but their ships travelled to the West Indies and to all the ports of Europe, laden with candles of their manufacture.

While Jews have been identified with almost every form of industrial activity, they have achieved a dominant position in only one—the clothing trade. It was the Jews who first applied mass production methods to the garment industry. And in so doing they wiped out the greatest obstacle to the attainment of that level of social equality so necessary to the furtherance of the democratic way of life. No longer do the poor wear the cast-offs of the rich. No longer do the middle classes content themselves with inferior materials or with "hand-me-downs." No longer does a man's dress mark his station in life. Not only are all men brothers under the skin—thanks to Jewish ingenuity they are now brothers even when they are all dressed.

This book should be required reading for every American Jew, and particularly for Jewish youth. It would go a long way towards dispelling that sense of inferiority which anti-Semitic propaganda is instilling in the generation which is reaching maturity full of doubts and misgivings for the future of their position as Americans. Perhaps the knowledge of the many Jewish contributions to America will enable them to hold their heads a little higher. For they will know definitely that they do "belong." Would, too, that this book could be read by every Gentile in the nation, so that they might become immune to those forces which seek to disrupt American unity by creating a division between those whom they call "one hundred per cent Americans" and those they designate as "International Jews." Unfortunately, a book of this type seldom reaches those who need to learn its lesson. It will be read by Jews and by a select group of liberal non-Jews, and will be ignored by the general public.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE

Memoirs of My People Through a Thousand Years, selected and edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Philadelphia, The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1943. Introduction; Sources and Literature; Index. 597 pp. \$3.75.

This is the third of a series of books edited by Leo Schwarz and constituting a valuable service to the American Jew. Together with the earlier books, *The Jewish Caravan* and *A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature*, it is a part of a set which ought to be in every Jewish home. This is said about a great many books, often unwarrantedly; but these books seem to be precisely suited to those homes where parents complain about the lack of Jewish content in their children's lives.

Memoirs of My People is, as the title suggests, a book of memoirs of Jewish personalities. The spread is great, both as to time and type. As to time, the memoirs extend from the Middle Ages (Aboulafia, Abravanel, Reubeni) to the present. As to type, there are philosophers and theologians (Maimonides, Zunz, Buber), writers and poets (Mendele Mocher Seforim, Sholem Aleichem, Bialik, Heine, Toller), professors and scholars (Steinthal, Mauthner, Brandes), composers and painters (Zunser, Oppenheim, Schatz), American pioneer patriots (Sheftall, Mordecai Manuel Noah), one pugilist (Mendoza, of course)—and quite a few others.

The collection is valuable for many reasons, and chiefly because it is a *collection*. One gets a feeling of cumulativeness here, of size and stature, which is impressive, and which one could not possibly get by reading an occasional memoir here or there.

For much the same reason, too, one comes to look for certain motifs, of great importance in the Jewish tradition, which are repeated, though with suggestive and arresting modifications: the father-son relationship, as in Ezekiel Kotick, Sholem Aleichem, Ahad Ha'am, Zunz, Heine, Lassalle; the primacy of intuition and faith, as in Aboulafia, Bialik, and notably in Martin Buber; a curious kind of Jewish anti-Semitism (which I fear is still with us), most of all, perhaps, in Uriel da Costa, but here and there in Aboulafia, Brandes, Mauthner, even Fleg; the significance of Palestine for Israel, as in

Fleg, Buber, Schatz, Jessie Sampter, and, to be sure, Herzl. More than one passage in these writings is worthy of memorization, and of being engraved on the minds of those who want, one way or another, to have more intelligent views about Judaism and the Jewish people.

Yet the book has certain shortcomings. With all its admirable apparatus—a brief biographical introduction before each selection, and a somewhat longer bibliographical guide at the back of the book—there is no really adequate statement—say, of the *Who's Who* type—of the biographical facts of each personality: birth, education, activities, published works, and so on. Such facts are always helpful and frequently very much needed, especially by those who comprise a good many of Schwarz's readers.

Moreover, I quite agree with Maurice Samuel that the style of the selections is not all that it should be. Thus Uriel da Costa says: "They consulted together and proceeded to excommunicate a second time." Glückel of Hameln comes out with this: "It liked me, therefore, to send him forth to 'learn' as he should, but I hardly knew where." Ezekiel Kotick must have been bewildered at times, but not so bewildered as to ask; "Why should I want to destroy my father and my wife whom I both dearly loved?" Herzl is made to say (in Maurice Samuel's translation?): "We cling to money, because on to money we were thrust." And Bialik: "Between one teacher and another I was sent to a village and remained there about a year." And Jacob Masé: "Besides myself, the petition was also signed by Patriarch Tikon and Rabbi David Tevil of St. Petersburg." There are other sentences like this in the book.

Finally, the inclusions and exclusions are, as always, a bit hard to understand. Why include Mauthner but not Mendelssohn; Lassalle and Brandes but not Jacob Bernays, Franz Rosenzweig, Hermann Cohen. The editorial criteria of selection seem to have been at once too broad, by including any memoir of any sort written by a Jew, and yet too narrow, by excluding anything that could not be defined strictly as a memoir. The result is that too many of the selections are mere *kinderspiel*, and add very little to the worth of the book. They comprise, in many cases, the kind of adolescent *sturm und*

drang that one finds, say, in almost any Jewish Sunday school: rebellion, above all, rebellion, not knowing whence or caring whither. A little searching and ingenuity would surely have brought to light some memoirs or quasi-memoirs which have something more significant to say about Judaism than what is expressed in some of the selections.

Nor does it do, altogether, to say: You may not like what Mauthner & Company say or represent, but they are all a part of the panorama of Judaism. Indiscriminate selection of this sort tends to emphasize, more than is necessary, the confusing and anarchic variety and the lack of a core of integration which has not always been a desirable element in the Jewish tradition, and may well turn out to be anything but desirable in American Jewish life or in any modern dynamic society.

But for all these shortcomings, *Memoirs of My People* still remains the kind of book which, together with Schwarz's two previous volumes, ought to be part of the library of every American Jewish home.

LEO SHAPIRO

Conflicts: Studies in Contemporary History, by Louis B. Namier. Macmillan, London, 1942. 223 pp. \$2.50.

A refugee from Tsarist oppression, Louis Bernstein Namier emigrated to England where this son of a Russian "shtaetel" was appointed professor of modern history at Manchester University. Noted for his historical research on England in the age of the American Revolution, he is also a regular contributor to *The Nineteenth Century and After*, *The New Statesman*, *The Spectator*, *Time and Tide*, *The Times*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The New Judaea* and other British magazines and newspapers of high standard. He collected in three volumes those of his essays on current events which, in his opinion, can "stand the test of reproduction" after several years. His latest volume, *Conflicts*, contains about twenty essays, all of which, with the exception of one, were written since the outbreak of the present war, and "even the least contentious among them bears the marks of recent severe conflicts."

Namier is a very realistic observer of the European scene. He doubts the existence of an "Other Germany" behind the

wild Nazi façade, and identifies Hitler and the Nazis with the German nation. Describing the German national character, the "utter, conscious subordination of the individual, the iron discipline which they enforce, the high degree of organization and efficiency which they attain, and their resultant inhumanity," he strongly emphasizes the danger of the "German International." Before 1918, most of the ruling families in Europe were of German origin; in our day, Hitler's conquests were facilitated by the fact that there is hardly any region in Central and Eastern Europe without a German minority. Hitler skillfully exploited the weariness, scruples, fears, and regrets of the other nations—until he was stopped: "The blackmailer did not expect to be brought to court, nor the bully to have to fight."

After Europe is liberated from the Nazi yoke, a re-organization of the continent will be necessary and, according to the author, "transfers of population carried through in a sensible manner will have to form the basis of future arrangements." Namier regards a sincere cooperation between the English-speaking nations and Russia as the *conditio sine qua non* for the establishment of a lasting peace. Turning to certain Eastern European nations which, after 1919, "wished and worked for the proscription of Russia," he warns them not to embark upon the same suicidal policy again, since the Germans "will remain a danger to Europe unless a firm ring is formed around them."

The professor is equally realistic in his attitude towards his own people, the Jews. If you want the Jewish problem to cease poisoning our lives and the minds of the non-Jews, you have to face it courageously and frankly: "There must be a country where Jews can live, work, and amuse themselves as they please, be good, bad, great, or ridiculous." When a Jewish national state has arisen again, even the position of those who remain in the *Galuth* will be more normal.

For Namier, who for several years was political secretary for the Jewish Agency in Palestine, the establishment of this state is a foregone conclusion. He seems to have inherited his unflinching love of Zion from his ancestor, Eliyahu ben-Solomon, the Gaon of Vilna, about whom he tells the following significant anecdote:

"About the middle of the eighteenth

century a distinguished French Jew came all the way from Paris to Vilna to discuss the Law with the Gaon. On the third day of their discussion the Gaon said: 'When we go back to Jerusalem. . . ' The French Jew interrupted: 'And if we do not?' The Gaon did not reply. He called his servants and told them to put his honored guest into the pillory for twenty-four hours."

Conflicts, written in a lucid and vivid style, is a valuable contribution towards the untying of the Gordian knot of European politics in our time.

A. W.

The Niece of Abraham Pein, by J. H. Wallis. 320 pp. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1943. \$2.50.

The Niece of Abraham Pein at the outset promises to be significant, but concludes as an overextended mystery thriller that fails to click. It is inscribed to "Those Who Have Been Injured By Injustice And Oppression," and it is unfortunate that a work so nobly dedicated and impelled by so much conviction and sincerity should be impaired by poor craftsmanship.

The theme which Mr. Wallis has selected, a small-town persecution of its only Jew and his hanging by "due process of law," is at once a warning and a challenge. It is a warning to those myopic Jews who insist that "it can't happen here," and a challenge to the powers that be for a solution of our own home-grown anti-Semitism before some foreign beneficent government must conduct a Bermuda conference for American Jewry.

The book centers on Abraham Pein, a refugee, who in 1939 settles with his young niece, Esther Kiesen, in Varak Valley, New Hampshire. He purchases a small poultry farm which the niece manages, while he rides through the countryside in an old Ford, buying up junk. He commits neither discourtesies nor indiscretions, but his mere presence acts as an irritant in the pure white community, descendants themselves of a minority religious group who fled the persecutions of Cotton Mather only two centuries before.

The action is seen through the eyes of Varak's summer resident, Professor Arthur Dyce, a headmaster of a small preparatory school, and the calm, cool conscience of "liberty and justice for all." He observes the gathering of the narrow, prejudiced,

menacing forces, as the residents, urged on by Ludwig Susser, bait and mistreat the Jew in a series of violent and "un-American (?) " outrages.

Ludwig Susser, proprietor of the general store, voluble, loud, and gross, speaks for the town when he says:

I ain't for totality countries, but I say Hitler knows how to handle Jews. . . Hitler saw what the trouble was and he didn't let no technicalities interfere. He just took the money and property away from them. Maybe it'll come to that in this country. . . I believe in America for Americans, not for sheenies, wops, Bohunks, niggers, and all that sort. White people. . . We ought to send the others back where they came from. They're naturally inferior, and they're going to contaminate the American race. . . Jews are bad luck. There's going to be trouble. He's a foreigner.

There is trouble. On the night of June 22nd, 1939, Esther Kiesen disappears. The Jew is arrested for murder, indicted by a grand jury, and put on trial for his life. The major part of the book devolves upon the trial, as the district attorney (minus the corpus delicti) and twelve stolid citizens upon circumstantial evidence only, convict Abraham Pein of first degree murder, and sentence him to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. What becomes of Esther Kiesen is not revealed until the final chapter, in true whodunit fashion.

Mr. Wallis is handicapped in the evolution of his plot by the fact that he has undertaken a subject larger than his previous books would warrant. He is by profession a mystery writer, being the author of such books as *Murder By Formula*, *The Capital City Mystery*, and six others in a similar vein.

The Niece of Abraham Pein bears these trade-marks. From the very first page, Mr. Wallis sets an inappropriate tone of suspense, rather than one of sympathy, or understanding. "That valley was peace . . . not of the real earth . . . it was a prepared stage-set in which something very moving, very odd, perhaps very tragic, was going to happen. It was so still, so waiting."

The characters, at best, are stock and improbable. Abraham Pein is fantastic. "He had that thin, very dark face with the big hooked nose and heavy lips that go with the old-style Jew." In public, he

rants jeremiatic proclamations; in court, he guiltily moans and groans at the evidence. The character of Esther Kiesen remains obscure throughout, making the denouement unconvincing. The antagonists are no more than the incarnations of evil as in a medieval morality play, but without the latter's compelling vigor.

The major portion of the book—the trial—is dull and repetitious. The evidence, as it accumulates, is continuously restated like a broken record, without variation or addition. In comparing these trial scenes with those of the recent *The Just and Unjust*, by Cozzens, one realizes the extent of its artificiality and inadequacy.

On two minor points, however, the book is an unusual example of the fictional treatment of the Jew. For one, the American Jew is seldom seen in the role of farmer, as in Abraham Pein. The myth of the urban Jew is legion. As Juxon Snyder, one of the town's leading anti-Semites, says: "Did anybody ever hear of a Jewish farmer?"

The second is the use of a single Jew as a protagonist in this unusual setting. *The Niece of Abraham Pein* is neither the customary Jewish family chronicle set in the well-worn ghettos of New York, Chicago, or pre-war Warsaw, nor the description of a Jewish Brook Farm cooperative. Instead it is a single Jew pitted against an entire hostile community. Abraham Pein exhibits no distinctive "racial" characteristics, until forced by the townspeople to assume the burden of the innocent guilt of his race. As Arthur Dyce remarks: "It's only the fact that he's a Jew that makes the trouble. It's amazing how the old prejudice endures, even in what ought to be enlightened communities."

ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ

Siberia, by Emil Lengyel. Random House, New York, 416 pp. \$3.75.

About the second century of the present era a people that spoke Slavonic occupied a portion of a country which later became known as Russia. An Indo-European people, it mingled with and assimilated other peoples, such as the Finnish, Swedish, and others of Mongolian origin. Russia at the time was covered by huge virgin forests. It was only natural that the inhabitants' chief occupation should be

connected with forests, such as hunting, collecting honey, etc. Clearings were made in the forest for agricultural pursuits. Agriculture was very primitive. No fertilizer was used, not even manure. When the soil was exhausted, new clearings were cut and the soil tilled to exhaustion again. It was a hard life, aggravated by a severe climate. Whereas in Western Europe, agriculture was possible seven to twelve months out of the year, in Eastern Europe, occupied by the Russians, tilling of the soil was possible only for five months. While Western Europe was located on or close to the sea which provided (and still provides) the cheapest method of transportation, the Russians lived in a country far removed from the sea. The severe climate coupled with the lack of a sea outlet were thus responsible for the backwardness of Russia as compared with the civilization of her Western neighbors, a backwardness which was to be rapidly overcome, however, in recent years by initiative and determined application of science and technology.

As time went on the Russians were enslaved or "enserfed." A small group of princes and nobility, largely of Swedish origin, and the Church owned the serfs. Gradually cities were established, with manufacture following. Trade relations developed with the outside world. The influence of merchants in the government grew. The merchants and the government felt keenly the necessity of means of transportation other than by land, which were costly. And so the "colossus of the North" strove for an outlet to the sea.

As a result Russia entered into a war of conquest under Peter the Great, under whose reign the Eastern shores of the Baltic were conquered. But this did not solve the problem, for the Baltic shores were not open to navigation all year round. The Black Sea became a Russian outlet, but it was blocked by the Dardanelles. Russian adventure in that direction was stopped by England, and the Russian Black Sea fleet was destroyed during the Crimean War. And so huge Russia was hemmed in. A new outlet was eventually found in the Pacific beyond Siberia.

In war or peace the serfs were treated cruelly and exploited beyond endurance. Insurrection followed insurrection. Many serfs escaped to the borderlands where they led a semi-military life. Such a

borderland was the Don region. The settlers of this region became known as "Cossacks." It is the Cossacks who are reputed to be the first conquerors of Siberia, a land sparsely populated and fabulously rich in furs, which were considered an object worth fighting for. Inhabited by a number of peaceful tribes, Siberia was easily conquered up to the Pacific and beyond—even Alaska and part of the American Pacific coast at one time flew the flag of the Czars.

The title *Siberia* hardly suggests that under the cover lurks a story of adventure, a description of fascinating contrasts in geography and climate, in flora and fauna, in peoples and cultures and occupations, all of which are described with a skill and competence that is due to thorough knowledge of the country and its history, both ancient and recent.

Every chapter is vivid. Now it is a picture of an endless flow of exiles, chained to each other, slowly moving west to be lost in the great spaces of Siberia, all the while monotonously chanting the "Milo-serdnaya", the song of the exiles; now it is a saga of the builders of a great commercial empire, Shelikov, Baranov, and Rezanov and their conquest of Alaska, the Aleutians, and parts of Pacific America; and again it is a gripping chapter of recent history, the white terror, the allied intervention, the designs and machinations of Japan, the March of the Czechs, a glimpse into American policy.

The reader will recognize many a famous (and infamous) name among the actors of the Siberian drama, beginning with Alexander the Great, Marco Polo, Genghis Khan, and ending with the adventurous Enver Pasha, who attempted to carve out a Pan-Islamic country which would include Turkestan, Bokhara, and other adjoining countries; the Mad Monk, Kolchak, Semionov, Baron Von Wrangel, Baron Von Ungern-Sternberg, murderers and hirelings of Japan. General Graves is one of the few individuals who occupy an honorable niche in an otherwise shameful gallery of interventionists.

Siberia adds to our store of knowledge of the so-called "heartland" and of the part it plays in the present great struggle of the Soviets.

S. JESMER

One World, by Wendell L. Willkie. Simon and Schuster, N. Y., 1943. 206 pp. \$2.00. (Also paper bound, \$1.00).

Columbus sailed the Atlantic to prove that the world is round—and quite by accident discovered America. Willkie encircled the globe by plane in 160 hours of actual flying time and proved that the world is small; and somehow discovered what every American has always known and believed—that all peoples and all countries have or should have the right to govern themselves and live in a freedom fashioned by them to suit their own needs and desires.

This story of the travels of a 20th century Marco Polo is a curious mixture of interesting and sometimes fascinating narrative, interspersed with bits of social philosophy, somewhat loosely thrown together, all bound up with an idealistic panacea for all post-war world ills.

Briefly the author's theme is that, spurred on by the necessities of war, transportation in general, and aviation in particular, have succeeded in shrinking time and distance so that soon the remotest corners of the globe will be as close to us as New York is to Los Angeles; and that such proximity of all the rest of the world makes it necessary for us to interest ourselves in the welfare of these newly discovered neighbors. Many millions of these new neighbors, as Willkie saw at first hand, have been oppressed and downtrodden for centuries; and they are now awakening to the realization that as human beings they are entitled to something more than the misery, poverty, filth, and ignorance which have been their lot. Coupled with this sociological restlessness is the universal dread of government by remote control in any form, be it benevolent mandate or imperial colonialism. Because we as a nation have led the world in the transition from mere miserable existence to the fruition of a fuller living, and because people everywhere know that we have no designs on their territories, their resources, or their freedom, we have built up throughout the world what Willkie calls a great "reservoir of good will"; and the distressed peoples of the civilized world are anxiously waiting to see whether or not we will extend to them a friendly hand to help them in their efforts to struggle free of the morass of misery

which has held them prisoners for so many generations. But, reasons Willkie, unless we act promptly—not after the war, but now—we will lose the opportunity to spread freedom throughout the world. Let the United Nations agree now, concludes Willkie, on what are the principles for which this war is being waged. We as a nation should take the lead in formulating and announcing now to these millions of forlorn souls the principles which will enable civilization to draw upon the tremendous resources of human and commercial wealth which our new neighbors have to offer. Only in this way, cautions Willkie, can we solidify these wavering minds and hearts and win them forever to our side.

As is frequently true of all who journey into the realm of the all-embracing problems of universal sociological ideals, Willkie's book is important more for what it leaves unsaid than for anything which it seeks to express. No American can or will criticize or differ with *One World* as an expression of ideals in sweeping general terms. No American will oppose education, greater opportunity, or elimination of poverty, squalor, or misery, as advocated by Willkie. No American will deny the right of all people to greater freedom; and no American will challenge the effort of any nation to govern itself. But who is there who can show us, not in Utopian generalities, but in specific practical terms, the precise method of moulding realities out of ideals?

Willkie's *One World* poses many problems—and states them well—but offers no solution. He does not tell us how the United Nations can or should be persuaded to agree now on peace aims without risking the distressing effects of breaches such as the present Soviet-Polish situation; and his observations as to the evils of government by remote control most certainly would be more appropriate in an open letter to Winston Churchill.

On further reflection, however, one may conclude that censuring the misdirection of Willkie's profoundest advice, or criticism of what he has permitted to remain unsaid is too harsh. It must be remembered, that at the express request of President Roosevelt, Mr. Willkie did not visit India!

LAWRENCE S. JACOBSON

The Golden Age of Russian Literature, by Ivar Spector. 258 pp. The Caxton Press. \$3.50.

It is comforting that in these harsh days when Russia is thought of as but an armed camp, there comes another reminder that its people are the possessors of a great literature.

To a world outside of the Soviet Union, Russia since 1905 has been known in the main as a hot-bed of revolutions; too few, outside of classrooms and lecture halls, are wholly familiar with the treasures of Russian letters. Translations of Russian masterpieces came late and to this day not all of the more important works are as yet available in English.

Spector's is a sincere effort to induce the non-Russian to savour something of the greatness and the delight of the works of the Russian masters; to this end he marshals before the reader, the outstanding poets, novelists, short story writers, and playwrights of the *Golden Age of Russian Literature*—that classical period that begins with Pushkin and ends with Maxim Gorky.

His treatment is compact and brief: there is before the selections of each writer a biographical note, indicating his stature and the social implications of his work. Altogether fourteen of the most important figures in a century of Russian writing parade before the reader.

Spector's was an ambitious job; to encompass in less than 258 pages the "cream" of one of the world's greatest literatures, together with an appraisal of the relative values of its exponents, would seem preposterous. In his treatment of this problem however, one discerns a trained mind in deep sympathy with his subject. There is a modest admission by Spector that the book is "to meet the need of American College Students whose knowledge of this field is for the most part fragmentary and superficial." Acquaintance with this volume is highly recommended; the typographical work too is excellent.

B. W.

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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

OUR FIRST YEAR

WITH THIS ISSUE, THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM completes its first volume. We are proud of our initial achievement. And we believe that the reader who refers to our first complete index, printed in this number, will understand the reason for this pride.

It is no small achievement for a young publication, which came upon the scene unheralded and without the fanfare of publicity, to have gathered together so excellent an array of contributors and so stimulating and worthy a collection of articles, stories, poems, and art.

It has been exciting to observe the ever-widening circle of interest that has followed the appearance of each number of this magazine. Our circulation has more than tripled during the past seven months. Librarians, scholars, and educators—Jews and non-Jews—in various and distant parts of the country have sent in requests for complete sets of our publication. Inquiries have come to us, often from unexpected and even surprising sources, for information about our magazine.

» « » «

As we said in our first issue, this is an adult publication, designed for the mature and intelligent reader, for the reader emancipated from a self-imposed ghetto no less than from those fetters which the forces of darkness have tried to impose upon us. It is designed for the reader whose breathing is natural and unstifled only in a free world, governed by free and forward-looking men of good will, for the reader who seeks a civilized answer to the many problems that have confronted us for more than two thousand years.

We do not say that we have succeeded in supplying these answers. That would be presumptuous. But we have reason to believe that we have made a number of our readers aware of the means by which they may undertake to supply the answers for themselves.

One of these means is to know more about the Jew—more about his past and present achievements, more about his purposes and the purposes of those who have sought to harass and destroy him, more about the world in which the Jew, conscious of his heritage and proud of his achievements, can continue to exist on a basis of dignity and civilized fellowship. These are bitter times. These are tragic times. Millions of our fellow Jews have been destroyed in the terror that is Nazi Germany. There is no Jew anywhere who does not suffer the pain and humiliation that has been inflicted upon our people. And yet we must hold to the line of reason and to our abiding faith in the essential decency of mankind, upon which our survival and our future as a people, and the survival of all mankind, must necessarily depend.

» « » «

It is to this line and to this faith that THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM has tried to adhere. We have tried to present as many aspects of Jewish cultural and intellectual interests as we could. We have tried to do so as independently as possible. Many pitfalls have stood in our way. We have tried to avoid them. We have kept THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM an independent journal.

For these reasons, as we approach the end of our first year, we ask our readers to continue their support. Let your friends know about us. *Urge them to subscribe.*

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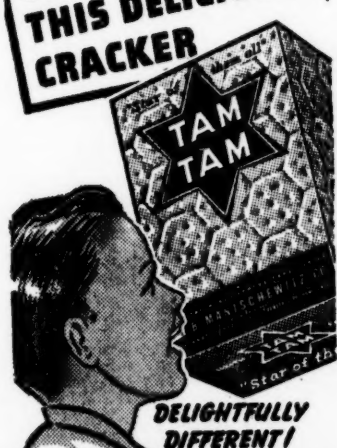
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